

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Antonin Dvorák.

WHEN a degree was offered to Handel he refused it; he could not, it is said, see of what service it could be to him. The University of Cambridge has offered the degree of Doctor of Music to Dvorák, and he has accepted it. He probably, like Handel, does not see of what service it can be to him, but as an expression of good feeling to him personally, as a public acknowledgment of his genius, he surely must look upon it as a pleasure and an honour. It is really a mutual honour—for the University as well as for the composer. Antonin Dvorák less than ten years ago was almost unknown in this country. His "Stabat Mater," produced under Mr. Barnby's direction by the London Musical Society, suddenly drew the attention of musicians to his name. It was no nine days' wonder, no passing fashion; every year that passes by seems to add to the greatness and originality of the "Stabat Mater." The "Spectre's Bride," produced at Birmingham in 1885, revealed another side of the composer's genius. Then in instrumental music the composer's name has been conspicuous in the programmes of the Palace, Philharmonic, and Richter Concerts, while some of his songs have become household words.

In connection with the Cambridge degree a concert was given by the Cambridge University Musical Society at the Guildhall on Monday afternoon, 15th June. The programme, as might be expected, was entirely devoted to the composer's music, and given, moreover, under his direction. It commenced with the "Stabat Mater," with Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. E. Lloyd and G. Henschel as solo vocalists. It was an occasion on which every one would naturally try to do his or her best, and throughout the performance, although, perhaps, not all that could be desired, the composer must have felt the good intentions and sympathy of players and singers. The soli were given with great religious fervour. The majestic final quartet and chorus was rendered with immense vigour. Madame Albani sang a solo from the "Spectre's Bride," for which she was much applauded. The concert concluded with the Symphony No. 4 in G (Op. 88), which was first heard in London at a Philharmonic Concert on 24th April 1890. It is a work of great interest, and strikes one particularly by its unconventionality. The opening movement, though unusual in form, is easy enough to follow. The Adagio is remarkable for its quaint charm and quiet melancholy. The simple Allegretto and bold Finale form the remaining movements of a truly fine symphony. The performance was, on the whole, one of great merit.

To say that Antonin Dvorák was received with wondrous enthusiasm will not cause surprise. Of course, on a special occasion like this, one looks for demonstrations of approval, but there is no doubt that the applause at the

beginning and at the close of the concert, as well as between the various movements, was as genuine as it was loud. Dr. Dvorák will assuredly carry home with him a pleasant reminiscence of his visit to Cambridge.

Staccato.

AN indifferent singer engaged in singing at a concert had not finished the first verse of his song before he was violently hissed by the audience.

"Hiss away," he quietly remarked, "I am used to it."

Johnson: "Were you at the concert, *Jones*?"
Jones: "Yes, part of the time."

Johnson: "Did you hear me sing 'The Wolf'?"

Jones: "The Wolf? How did it go?"

Johnson (singing): "Whilst the wolf, in nightly prowl, bays the moon with hideous how-w-w-l."

Jones (expressively): "Oh yes; I remember the hideous howl."

A YOUNG man who took his affiance to hear the great singer Nilsson warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's *répertoire*. "Very much indeed. I think it fits her beautifully," was the surprising reply.

A CONCERT was given lately in a small town. Among the performers was a popular tenor singer, who was announced by the programme as prepared to sing, among other selections, the aria, "Sound an alarm!" by Handel. This he sang with great effect, and was horrified the next day to perceive in the local paper the statement that he had "sung with great taste and expression a fine song by Handel, entitled 'Maria, sound an alarm!'"

"YOU are not the young lady to whom I give lessons," said the piano teacher. "No. The young lady to whom you give lessons is sick, and she has sent me to practise for her."

SUPPÉ, the famous composer of numerous comic operas, is known for the way in which he introduces melodies of earlier masters. The *Neue Musikzeitung* relates the following:—Suppé once directed the rehearsal of his new opera, "Die Frau Meisterin." Director Jauner listened to the maestro's fresh piece. Whenever one particular theme was repeated he shook his head. The maestro having remarked this, at the end of the rehearsal asked the director why he continually shook his head. "Oh, dear maestro," said Jauner, "don't be

offended, but your principal air sounds very familiar and not at all original!"

"So?" replied Suppé. "From whom may it be, then?"

"Well, maestro, note for note, Beethoven's!"

"Do you know anybody better, director?" said Suppé, and walked away.

* * *

SARASATE has a great weakness for Camembert cheese, and the last time he was in London one of his many lady worshippers went to great trouble to get him some of his favourite dainty from Paris. When he was leaving London, however, she presented him with a more sentimental offering in the shape of a garland of flowers in the Spanish colours, which was handed up to him just before he left the platform. "J'aurais préféré le fromage," whispered Sarasate, with a mischievous glance, as he passed by the kindly donor, who was sitting in the front row of stalls.

* * *

SCHERZO CAPRICCIO.—Near me sat a couple who were much exercised over the word "Liebestod." She knew that "tod" was "ache," and he was equally positive that "Liebes" (which he pronounced "Leibes") meant "stomach;" and so they evolved an amazing translation.

You remember Elson's joke about the man who mistook the R for a K in Schubert's song, "Mein Ruh ist hin," and so he sang, "Mein Kuh ist hin" ("My cow has disappeared"), instead of "My peace is gone."

* * *

Professor in Psychology: "Can't we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?"

Musical Student (thoughtfully): "Yes, sir; a bad singer in a chorus."

* * *

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—The sun had already sunk in the west when the convict returned to his native village. During the many years of his confinement he had harboured but one idea—that of revenge. As he neared the old school-house (which, by the way, he had made up his mind to set fire to) a bell from a distant spire began its slow and solemn peal. A feeling which the convict had not felt for many years filled his breast. He stood rooted to the spot, and tears, hot tears, moistened his cheeks. When the bell had ceased its tolling he hastily wiped his eyes with the back of his calloused hand, and exclaimed: "My heart is softened; I will not shed blood to-night—I will rob instead."

* * *

"I'M on the sea; I'm on the sea!" roared a bad singer.

"You're not," cried a musical punster in company. "You would be on the C if you sang in tune; but you are on the B flat, confound you."

Musical Life in London.

DR. HANS RICHTER commenced his nineteenth series of concerts at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, May 25. He received a hearty welcome, and this he well deserves, for there is no conductor more anxious than he to give everything of the best, and in the best manner. The programme included the names of the three composers—Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner—to whom Dr. Richter pays highest reverence, and only these. Bach was represented by a Concerto for strings in G. The autograph contains only two quick movements, so a melodious and pathetic Adagio, taken from a Sonata, has been cleverly interpolated by Herr J. Hellmesberger of Vienna. Some well-known excerpts from Wagner's works, and Beethoven's immortal Symphony in A, formed the remainder of this attractive, if not novel programme.

The programme of the fourth Richter concert, on Monday evening, June 15, included the version of the second scene of *Tannhäuser*, written by Wagner for the production of his opera at Paris in 1861. The mixture of Wagner's early and later styles is apparent, yet there is no patchiness, and the revision is an improvement. The vocalists were Mrs. Moore Lawson and Mr. Barton M'Guckin, who sang with feeling and intelligence. Brahms' "German Requiem" was the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. Taking into consideration the difficulties of the work, the performance was a fine one. Mrs. Moore Lawson and Mr. Santley were the vocalists, the latter was specially well received.

On Monday, June 1, a bright and clever overture, entitled "Der Barbier von Bagdad," was performed for the first time in England. The composer, Carl A. P. Cornelius, an adherent of the new German school, and a personal friend of Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, wrote an opera under above title, and the work was produced by Liszt at Weimar in 1858. It has recently been revived in Germany, and there is a prospect of soon hearing it in London given by the students of the Royal College of Music. A scene from "Die Walküre" and the version prepared for Paris of the second scene of "Tannhäuser" were announced, but two of the three vocalists engaged were unable, owing to the prevailing epidemic, to appear. Some familiar Wagner excerpts and the "Siegfried" Idyll were substituted. The concert concluded with a bright and finished rendering of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. Mrs. Moore Lawson sang with artistic taste a Handel aria. At the third concert (June 8), Dr. Richter gave Beethoven's three "Leonore" Overtures in chronological order. All good things are three, says a German proverb, and these Overtures are certainly all good. But No. 2 (the one usually called No. 3) is by far the grandest, and, as it was magnificently interpreted, No. 3, a less ambitious Vorspiel, written for a performance of "Fidelio" at Prague, stood but a poor chance. Compared with the two previous overtures it is weak, yet in itself it is decidedly interesting. The second and third scenes from Act 3 of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" were effectively rendered by Messrs. E. Lloyd and Max Heinrich: the former was in grand voice.

"The greatest of all Pianofortes—the Steinway Pianofortes—London and New York."—ADV.

The closing scene from Act 1 of "Siegfried" (Mr. E. Lloyd as Siegfried, and Mr. W. Nicholl as Mime) loses much of its effect away from the stage. Dr. Richter finished with Mozart's "Hafner" Symphony in D—a calm after much storm and stress.

Señor Sarasate's summer concerts commenced at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 30. He gave a refined reading of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's Concerto (Op. 32), but it was not until Max Bruch's "Fantaisie Ecossaise" that he displayed his full charm and fire. An Ernst "Fantaisie" on Rossini's "Otello" roused the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. Grieg's "Holberg" Suite, effectively arranged for strings by the composer, and Beethoven's "Coriolan," were given under the direction of Mr. Cusins. A second concert (without orchestra) was held on the following Wednesday, with the assistance of the clever pianist, Mme. Berthe Marx.

On Saturday, June 6, the eminent violinist performed Beethoven's Concerto with wonderful skill. Some attractive pieces of Saint-Saëns' were faultlessly rendered, and the "Carmen" fantasia brought down the house. After four recalls Señor Sarasate played an encore.

Señor Sarasate gave his fourth concert on Saturday afternoon, June 13. Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch" was a brilliant triumph; composer and executant had to come forward and acknowledge the applause. Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" was another success of the afternoon. But it was in the "Faust" fantasia that Señor Sarasata showed the wonders of which his fingers and bow are capable. Beethoven's 4th Symphony and Berlioz' "Marche Hongroise" were given under Mr. Cusins' direction. The hall was crowded.

Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony, produced a hundred years ago, was performed at the sixth Philharmonic Concert on Thursday, May 28. It was the work, not actually written for, but played on the occasion of the composer receiving the degree of Doctor in Music at Oxford. Should the directors of the Philharmonic Society at any time not be able to secure an interesting novelty,—and in this they have not, as we have seen, proved always successful,—they will always be able to select from Haydn's many Symphonies one that is thoroughly good, and, considering how rarely they are given, almost a novelty. M. Paderewski gave a vigorous and brilliant rendering of Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, and also played some Chopin and Liszt solos; his performances were enthusiastically applauded. The programme included a pleasing Symphonic Overture by Mr. J. F. Barnett, and Goetz's great and beautiful Symphony in F. Miss Ella Russell was the vocalist, and Mr. F. H. Cowen, as usual, conductor.

The Westminster Orchestral Society closed their sixth season on Wednesday, May 27. This Society deserves honourable mention, for it has done much to encourage native art; the orchestral playing too, thanks to the energy and ability of the conductor, Mr. C. Stewart Macpherson, has shown a steady improvement. At this closing concert was performed a "Festal Overture," composed by Mr. Macpherson, and dedicated to the Society. It contains some good and clever writing, but the title scarcely seemed an appropriate one. However, what's in a name? The composer was well received

at the close. Another novelty was a "Suite de Ballet," also written for the Society, by Mr. E. Prout. The music is pleasing and well scored: the performance was excellent, and it was received with vigorous applause. Mr. Alfred Hollins, the clever blind pianist, formerly pupil, and now professor at the Royal Normal College for the Blind, gave an able rendering of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, introducing a cadenza by Liszt. Miss Alice Gomez, one of the vocalists, sang with immense success. The hall was crowded.

Señor Albeniz gave another of his series of concerts at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, May 21. The programme commenced with a piano and violin sonata by Rubinstein, full of interesting material. The performance by MM. Kruse and Albeniz was extremely artistic. Herr Kruse is an able violinist, but hitherto his intonation has not been *sans reproche*: on this occasion there was no fault to find. Señor Albeniz introduced a Sonata of his own composition, which he played in his best style. The music was light and graceful, but scarcely serious enough, in the first movement at any rate, for a work bearing the title of sonata. There were, besides, solos for violin and for piano effectively rendered, and some artistic singing by Mr. Plunkett Greene. At the next concert, on June 4, Herr Kruse appeared again, playing Tartini's Sonata in G minor. Señor Albeniz gave some Chopin pieces and some light trifles from his own pen. Miss Liza Lehmann and Mr. Wilfred Cunliff were the vocalists.

No mention was made last month of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's two vocal recitals at St. James's Hall on May 1 and 15. So far as the concerts are concerned, there is really nothing to criticise: one goes to them for the purpose of enjoying the music, and once the enjoyment is over, there seems little to say. Fortunately both artists are in no need of praise: their efforts to please have been so successful in past seasons, that they have ventured across the road from Princes' Hall to the larger one of St. James; and for them a larger hall means a larger audience. The programmes on both occasions were admirably drawn up and admirably carried out.

Mr. Kuhe's morning concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday, May 30, passed off brilliantly. Mme. Adelina Patti was in her best voice, and she was received with the usual enthusiasm. She was, of course, the chief attraction, but there were besides many distinguished artists—M. Paderewski, M. J. Wolff, and M. J. Hollman, Mme. Sterling, Signor Foli, and Miss A. Esty. There was an immense audience.

Mr. Edgar Haddock gave his second musical afternoon, at the Steinway Hall, on Wednesday, May 25, and again proved himself a sound artist and accomplished violinist. He played with Miss Jeanne Douste Bach's piano and violin Sonata in A in a sound and bright manner. There were violin and pianoforte solos, and an excellent selection of songs sung by Miss Frances Hipwell. The third and last concert, on June 10, went off well, and Mr. Haddock is so satisfied with his reception in London that he intends, we believe, to give some more concerts in the autumn.

M. Paderewski is now one of the most popular pianists in London, and his first concert at St. James's Hall, on June 2, was well attended. To perform two concertos in one afternoon is no light task, especially when the two are Beethoven in E flat and Schumann in A minor. The pianist is apt, at times, to make his own individuality too much felt, but his reading of the Beethoven was calm, and yet not cold; the

technique was all that could be desired. The performance of the Schumann was highly successful. He played besides some Chopin solos, and that most difficult of fantasias, Liszt's "Don Juan," winning well-deserved applause.

It is hopeless to do justice to all the concerts, and space will only allow of very brief mention of some others of interest. Mlle. Eibenschütz gave a sound rendering of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata at her recital on May 15, and was heard to advantage in Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 69) for piano and 'cello, in which she had the able assistance of Signor Piatti. A feature of interest was the clever and brilliant performance of Tartini's violin Sonata in G minor by Mme. Torricelli, whose successful Continental career has lately been commented upon in these columns. Mme. Marguerite de Pachmann, having at length returned from America, appeared at her recital at Princes' Hall on May 16, giving an artistic reading of Beethoven's poetical Sonata in E flat (Op. 81), and playing besides a number of short solos, including two pieces from her own pen. Miss Rose

Lynton's performance of the Bach "Chaconne," at her recital on May 23, displayed good taste and good technique; she is young and promising. Mdlles. Marianne and Clara Eissler gave their annual concert on May 27, playing with their usual taste and talent solos for harp and violin. Mr. Frank Howgrave held a pianoforte recital on May 29, but from nervousness, or some other cause did not seem to be doing himself full justice. Señor Leo de Silka gave a recital at St. James's Hall on June 4. He has a light touch, and his playing of two small Scarlatti pieces was pleasing. His reading of Schumann's "Etudes Symphonique," however, lacked character. A clever French violinist, Mons. L. Duloup, made a successful *début* at Mr. Farley Sinkins' orchestral concert on June 9. The series of concerts at the Musical Guild at the Town Hall, Kensington, came to a praiseworthy close on the evening of June 9. Mr. Charles Wood's characteristic quintet for wood wind and horn was a prominent feature in the programme. Mr. Leonard Borwick, by special invitation, played Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." Mr. Augustus Harris gave a grand operatic concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, June 13, which lasted over three hours; but the programme, if long, was varied and interesting. Mme. Albani sang her favourite aria from Hérold's "Pré aux clercs" in brilliant style, ably supported by Mr. Carrodus in the showy obbligato violin part; the Signorine Sofia and Giulia Ravogli were heard in a Rossini duet, and the latter in "Che faro," and were much applauded; and Mme. Tavaray gave a dramatic reading of an aria from "Fidelio." Then there were MM. Plancon, Ravelli, Abranoff, Maurel, Lassalle, E. de Reszé, all of whom appeared to great advantage. But there was no doubt special interest shown in M. Van Dyck, the Belgian artist, whose appearances at the Italian Opera have been so much talked about. He sang the closing scene from "Lohengrin," the Love Song from the "Walküre" and the "Forge" songs from "Siegfried"; the singing was very fine, but the fervour and dramatic power displayed were quite remarkable. The conductors were Signori Mancinelli, Randegger, and Bevingham.

PIANOFORTES in the Louis XIV. and XV. style of decoration are becoming very popular. Messrs. Broadwood have supplied no less than three within the last two months.

Mr. Clifford Harrison.

M

R. CLIFFORD HARRISON, take him all in all, stands out *facile princeps* amongst our high-class reciters. We say this without casting any slur upon the reputation of any actor who may choose to recite, or any of the various and sundry readers and spouters who possess almost every degree of merit and demerit. It is Mr. Clifford's personality and specialité which lift him into that peculiar place which he has created for himself, and where none can pretend to touch him. Accomplished in all the arts, or rather the art-concealing-arts of finished declamation, he brings a rare musical gift to bear subtly upon many of the poems he handles. That an experiment which seldom succeeds should with



him be a perfect success, that his pianoforte preludes and accompaniments should make one poetic unity with his utterance, is in itself enough to stamp his performance with genius. Others have tried, and failed. Mr. Harrison himself lets us behind the scenes. He writes to a friend, "I often work for months at a recitation with music before I get it into form. Occasionally I borrow a motif, but as a rule I compose the little tunes and harmonies. . . . I don't believe in recitations accompanied by another person." Mr. Clifford Harrison began life on the stage. His father, William Harrison, the popular tenor, lost his large fortune in trying to establish an English opera. After some experience on the boards, Clifford went to Cambridge, and was known there as a popular reciter and entertainer in the rooms of his fellow-collegiates. He had some idea of the Church at one time, and there is a serious and earnest vein about him which suggests at times not only an enthusiasm of humanity but also an enthusiasm for moral elevation and righteousness. But the stage still smiled to him, and to the stage he returned, till during one slack

season he found his sphere. He gave a recitation at St. George's Hall, and at the close announced that he was open to private engagements. He was soon overwhelmed with this sort of work, into which he threw himself with ardour, and which he has ever since cultivated with such exceptional results and such splendid success. He gave on an average about seven recitals a week, and was making money rapidly when his health broke down. The loss of a mother to whom he was devoted was another crushing blow. Mr. Harrison, after two or three splendid seasons at the Steinway Hall, left England, and to the consternation of his friends did not return with the return of spring. Some said he would never come back. He threw up all his engagements. Inquiries from the provinces could not even elicit his whereabouts. Suddenly the joyful news arrived that the Steinway Hall would be reopened for ten recitals in the spring of the present year. Needless to recapitulate the praises which have been in all the newspapers,—crowded rooms, floral tributes, excited applause, etc. Mr. Clifford seems not only finer than ever, but returned with a new repertory, amongst which we find "The House of Stradivarius," an extract from Mr. Haweis' *Musical Life*. This piece, after being well received at the Steinway Hall, was appropriately given at the Rev. H. R. Haweis' reception and entertainment this year in celebration of the close of his twenty-fifth year of ministry at St. James's, Marylebone. Mr. Harrison is a great favourite at Sandringham, where he has often been invited to recite to the Prince and Princess and their children. At present, Mr. Clifford Harrison is obliged to decline most private engagements and many public ones, but his friends have every reason to hope that with care he will be able for many a year to delight and edify that refined and enthusiastic public which throngs to hear him, hangs upon his lips, and never fails to go away touched with the radiance and transfused with one of the most subtle, dramatic, tender, and fascinating spirits that have ever stepped forth to interpret the thoughts and aspirations of genius to a world sorely in need of such a hierophant—a world too often prone to slay its prophets and afterwards build their sepulchres. There is one fault we have to find with Mr. Clifford Harrison—he confuses our judgments; a very indifferent piece will be so re-created by him that we go away fancying that such

and such a poetaster is after all a Shelley—the dressing of the doll has somehow completely disguised the wax and sawdust. Unfortunately, Mr. Harrison keeps the clothes and leaves us the shapeless, lifeless thing. We have on more than one occasion tried to forgive this injury, but we can never forget it.

MOZART CENTENARY FESTIVAL.—At Salzburg, July 15th to 17th. Members of the Mozart Association are entitled to first choice of seats if applied for immediately. For programmes and the statutes of the Association address—A. Hughes Hughes, British Museum.

SLEEP was Mendelssohn's great restorer. He would sometimes lie on the sofa for hours, ready dressed for dinner, and then awake with a capital appetite. A quarter of an hour afterwards, he would say, "I am still tired," and in a few minutes would be asleep again. He sometimes went on in this way for two days; and would then be fresher than ever.

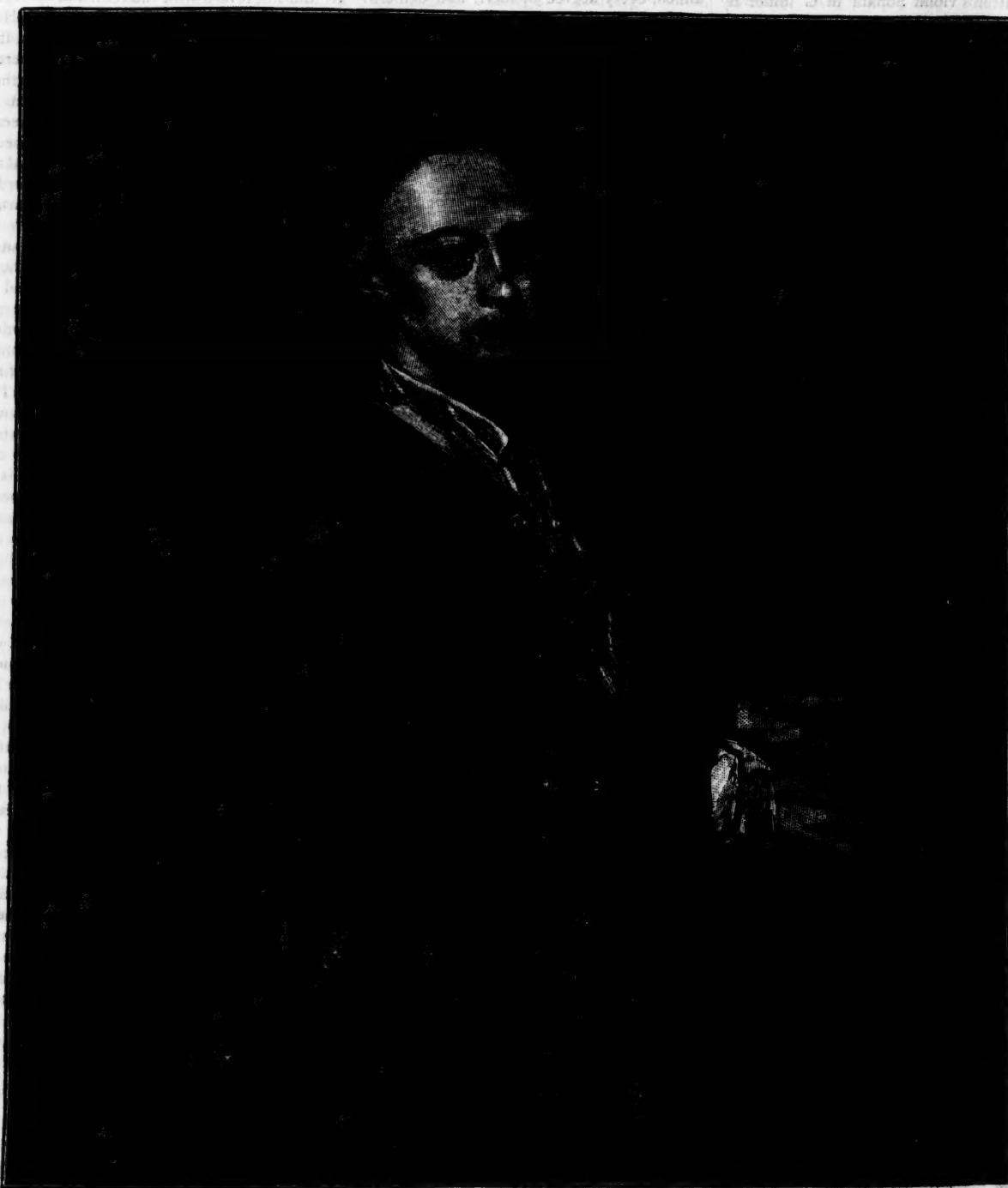
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The Handel Festival.

THE great Triennial Festival at the Crystal Palace in honour of the great Saxon composer is an event of which England may be proud. In no other country in Europe is such honour paid to mighty dead musicians. There are some names on whom it seems impossible to set too high a value—of these Handel was one, and Bach another. They are the two foundation stones on which

and that prelude is the so-called public rehearsal on the Friday previous to the Festival proper. It is, however, in spite of the public, a real rehearsal, and Mr. Manns does not hesitate to pull up if anything goes amiss. We need not enter into detail respecting the pieces performed on that day, except to remark that Miss Macintyre appeared only in the second part of "Israel."

On Monday, 22nd June, the "Messiah" was given, and the performance was certainly one of the finest on record. The first chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," gave at once clear proof that there was no falling off either in the quality or quantity of tone of the voices. "For unto us a Child is born" was given with marked precision, and the burst of sound at the "Wonderful" was thrilling. The magnificent choruses,



the fabric of modern music has been raised. The genius of both men has been recognised in this country, but there are two reasons why we should show special favour to the former. First of all, he lived in London, and produced nearly all his great works in that city; and secondly, he has written more music than Bach which will bear giving on so great a scale.

The Handel Festival, like Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," has a "Vorspiel" or prelude,

George Frideric Handel
There are in all (vocalists and instrumentalists) nearly 4000 performers. Of instrumentalists there are no less than 502, and the leader of this mighty orchestra was Mr. C. Yung.

too, at the beginning of the second part were most impressive, particularly the "All we like sheep," with its majestic close. And, as was to be expected, the "Hallelujah" made its wonted effect. The voices are all remarkably fine, but the full-toned vigorous basses and the rich pure contraltos deserve perhaps the highest praise. It would be possible to mention one or two weak moments in the performance, but we prefer to express

our astonishment that with such an army of singers there should have been no serious slips. The solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Miss Marian M'Kenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The first-named sang extremely well, and was received with enthusiasm. Miss M'Kenzie deserves high praise for her pure and artistic rendering of the contralto music, and especially for the "Come unto Him." Mr. Lloyd was in splendid voice, and Mr. Santley once again proved himself a Handel interpreter *par excellence*. His reception was a brilliant one, and, accustomed as he is to applause, he must have felt pleased. The English public are always ready to give a hearty welcome to

on which the genius of the composer is displayed in varied form. The programme opened with the great organ concerto No. 4 in F major. These concertos in their day were so popular that Dr. Burney, in his *History of Music*, remarked: "Public players on keyed instruments, as well as private, totally subsisted on these concertos for nearly thirty years." Of these many have been played by the eminent organist, Mr. W. T. Best, and on this occasion he displayed his usual skill. In the first movement he introduced an elaborate cadenza of his own. After this came one of Handel's mighty double choruses, the "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," and it was sung with pre-

the well-known collector of books, Mr. Kerslake, of Bristol, but it was unfortunately burnt in the fire which destroyed his library in 1860. The parts for the Festival were prepared from a copy now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Cummings, and, presumably, the only one in existence. The movement is short, and contains some fine polyphonic writing. Mr. Santley sang the spirited song, "O voi dell'Erebo," from the oratorio "Resurrezione," another early work written at Rome, bearing the date 1708. Madame Albani was heard in "Angels, ever bright and fair," and Mr. Barton M'Guckin in "Waft her, angels;" and all three obtained much success. The first part

Autographs of Handel's Exponents, 1891.

Madame Albani's signature is on the left, with a snippet of her music for "Samson" and "Teodora". Belle Cole's signature is next, with a snippet of her music for "Samson". Edward Lloyd's signature is followed by a snippet of his music for "Teodora". John Bridson's signature is next, with a snippet of his music for "Jephthah". Clara Ward's signature is followed by a snippet of her music for "Jephthah". August Manns' signature is next, with a snippet of his music for the "Fourth Organ Concerto". W. T. Best's signature is on the far right, with a snippet of his music for the "Fourth Organ Concerto". Barton M'Guckin's signature is at the bottom right, with a snippet of his music for "Solomon".

Mr. Santley, who has so often charmed them. It has sometimes been suggested that the "Messiah" and "Israel" should make way at these festivals for some less known works of the master. There are undoubtedly many of the oratorios which would well repay a hearing, and give great pleasure to many musicians; but when one listens to the noble strains of the "Messiah," and when one notices the rapt attention of the thousands present, it seems clear that, for some long time to come, it would be a mistake to make any change with regard to these two oratorios.

Wednesday, the "Selection" day, is he one

cision and power; the staccato notes at the close were wonderfully effective. Mr. Lloyd then sang "Sound an Alarm," and as he was in splendid voice, the effect was thrilling. He wisely—and in this the vocalists who followed imitated his example—refused an encore. Madame Nordica was heard in "Let the bright seraphim" (with trumpet obligato by Mr. M'Grath); she sang well, but her voice had scarcely its usual brilliancy. A double chorus, "Gloria Patri," was next performed. This piece was composed in 1707, when Handel was twenty-three years of age. It was written at Rome. The original autograph belonged to

closed with two great double choruses from "Solomon;" the first, "Your harp and cymbals sound," and the second, "Praise the Lord," and the chorus took full advantage of the splendid opportunities given to it of showing its strength and brilliancy.

The forty minutes' interval came as a welcome relief both to performers and audience; to the latter the effect of this mass of sound, if grand, was tiring.

The second part commenced with a selection from the Chandos Anthem, "O come, let us sing," one of a series composed between 1718 and 1720, during Handel's residence at Can-

nons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos. As they rank among the finest of the master's compositions, it is surprising how little attention has been paid to them. The chorus, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," is remarkable not only for its skill but for its freshness, while the second, "Glory and worship," surpasses it in skill, and is full of magnificent dramatic effects. They were both splendidly rendered. Then followed the overture to the opera "Giustino," a vigorous piece of writing; and the fine performance was tremendously applauded. A charming duet, "Caro, più amabile beltà," from "Giulio Cesare," was admirably sung by Madame Nordica and Mr. Santley: the music is light and most graceful, and in its opening phrase recalls Mozart.

A lovely "Menuet" from the opera "Berenice," and a delicate "Bourrée" from the "Water Music," were triumphs for Mr. Manns' orchestra. The latter is so captivating that one can understand how, when King George heard it on that famous evening in August 1715, he accepted Handel's apology for his long absence from Hanover, and granted him a pension of two hundred pounds a year. Madame Albani was heard to good advantage in "Mio caro bene," from "Rodelinda," and this was followed by the grand chorus, "By slow degrees," from "Belshazzar." Then came an important selection from "Acis and Galatea," a brilliant success for the vocalists, Madame Nordica, and Messrs. Lloyd, Barton M'Guckin, and Santley, and the chorus. The programme concluded with the famous "See the conquering hero comes," from "Joshua," the trio being sung by Madame Nordica, Madame Emily Squire, and Miss Marian M'Kenzie.

Friday was devoted to "Israel in Egypt," a work which displays the genius of the composer at its highest, and one which gives the Festival choir a magnificent opportunity of displaying its power. It is a work not only above criticism, but above praise. It would be worth while holding the Festival if only to perform this oratorio. There is much talk about reproducing Handel's works as they were given during his lifetime, but we think these Palace performances of "Israel" are grander than any which the composer heard or could have imagined. The soloists were Madame Nordica, Miss Macintyre, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. Brereton.

This tenth Triennial Handel Festival has been eminently successful, both from an artistic and financial point of view. It would be ungenerous to conclude this notice without a mention of Mr. A. Manns, to whom so much of the success is due. It is true that one had only to watch him at the conductor's desk to see how his whole soul was in his work, but, after all, it must be remembered that the real hard work was done at the many rehearsals previous to the Festival. Mr. A. J. Eyre presided with ability at the organ.

Thalberg and Sontag

AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

—:o:—

In the *Century Magazine* for June the following interesting sketches, taken from the diary of George Mifflin Dallas, are given of Thalberg and Sontag at the Court of the Czar in the year 1839.

THALBERG.

Wednesday, 6th March 1839.—Sigmund

Thalberg gave his first concert in St. Petersburg this evening at the Assemblée de la Noblesse. I had obtained four tickets out of the nine hundred sold, which were at fifteen roubles or three dollars per ticket. We went half an hour earlier than the appointed time, in order to get convenient seats, but we found the saloon already crowded. Many had gone as early as five in the afternoon, to wait patiently till eight. Everybody of ton and distinction was there, and the Imperial box was graced by the three Grand Duchesses, Helen, Maria, and Olga, attended by Baroness Fredericks and Kitty Tschitcherine.

A great poet, a great orator, a great painter, and a great musician (composer as well as performer) are scarcely to be separated on the scale of intellectual power and interest. Thalberg is the first musical genius I have ever seen. I had anticipated much, but he more than satisfied me. He executed on the piano three of his own pieces, and made the instrument speak in tones I never imagined it capable of. The vast and discerning audience testified in tumults of applause to his triumph. He seems a young man of twenty-five, of rather slender figure, florid complexion, light chestnut hair, and a distinct Grecian profile. His personal deportment was modest, deferential, but perfectly self-composed and calm. Dressed in full black, with white cravat and maintaining a mild but imperturbable serenity, he took his seat at the piano, with the preoccupied air of a young clergyman full of his most interesting sermon. His first touch carried conviction of his excellence. It involved a delicacy, a certainty, an entirety which made the note fall in its utmost perfection upon the ear. As he proceeded, this exquisite distinctness accompanied him through all the mazes of his elaborated composition. The instrument seemed like a wonderful combination of the richest, clearest, and sweetest human voices.

In coming away, the sudden rush through the ante-chambers was rather alarming. We got, however, in the advanced group with Count Nesselrode (whose little rake-hat made him look as if he had already been squeezed to death, and who kept screaming for his weeping and terrified daughter Marie), Princess Soltikoff, Countess Kreptovitch, etc. etc., and were able to reach our carriage with no mishap, except, the loss of a breastpin.

Tuesday, 12th March 1839.—At half-past ten we went to Princess Hohenlohe's, and remained till half-past two. I played chess with the representative of Don Carlos, the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Marquis of Villafranca, giving him a castle and a knight, and then beating him. The company was numerous and gay. Thalberg made his appearance as a guest, and seemed very much courted by some of the younger married ladies. He declines playing at such parties unless engaged for the purpose, and then his fixed price is 1000 roubles or two hundred dollars for the evening, during which he executes two or three pieces. Hohenlohe is not up to such extravagance; but the pianist finds himself in pretty constant demand. What orator, statesman, lawyer, poet, or even novelist has ever been paid at this rate?

SONTAG SINGS FOR CHARITY.

Tuesday, 26th March 1839.—At seven Mrs. Dallas, my daughters, and I repaired to the grand concert given by the Society of Patriotic Ladies for the benefit of their schools. On reaching the magnificent hall, the Salle de la Noblesse, we found it crammed with about fifteen hundred visitors, but seats had been set apart for the diplomatic corps, which we managed to attain by passing across the elevated platform appropriated to the music to the

opposite side of the room very nearly *en face* of the Imperial box. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene. All that is noble and fashionable and elegant and tasty were assembled, the military and ladies richly dressed. The whole of the Imperial family (except the Grand Duchess Helen, who is unwell) were present. The Empress, Marie, and Olga, clothed in white, their foreheads glistening with diamonds, with the two boy grand dukes, Baroness Fredericks and Prince Volkonski, were stationed, like the gorgeous figures of a superb tableau, on the crimson velvet-lined and curtained recess, or rather small room just in front of us; while the Emperor and Grand Duke Michael found their way at an open door close by, and stood tranquilly in the crowd. Here were certainly at a *coup d'œil* to be seen the élite of St. Petersburg, if not of all Russia. All the dames and demoiselles d'honneur and ladies of distinction occupied the first ten or twelve benches nearest the music; all the general officers with their dazzling epaulettes and swords were clustered about, standing; all the Imperial Council and the Senate and the État-Major were collected. Nobody seemed to be absent whose présence could add to the brilliant *tout ensemble*.

This concert, which takes place annually, is one of the contributions of the nobility to charitable purposes; its performances are executed by the most distinguished ladies, and the instruments are managed chiefly by amateur gentlemen. At the head, however, of the songstresses was the magnet of the evening, the celebrated and incomparable Sontag, now Countess Rossi. She had been persuaded to run the risk of reviving past recollections, to forget that she had stepped from the boards of the opera into the rank of a minister and the arms of a count, and to lead the flower of Russian noblesse and fashion on this benevolent occasion. What a splendid triumph did a single gift of nature seem to obtain! Her voice overwhelmed competition, and by its wonderful volume and sweetness produced a sort of enchantment, which made you for a while insensible to anything else. The Czar, his court and his army, all seem to lose their prestige and their power, while that magical voice domineered the ear. She sang twice—first, the finale of Donizetti's opera, "Anne Bolena," and was in this accompanied by Madame Bastinieff and Madame Krudener and three gentlemen; second, Bellini's "Norma." The effect of the last song was beyond description, and the applause was vehement and protracted. It recalled Malibran to my mind, and yet seemed superior by the addition to her voice of that of her father, Garcia. Nothing could be richer, nothing could be clearer, nothing could be vaster, nothing could be softer, nothing could be deeper, nothing could be more delicate, and nothing could be more decided. I might go on multiplying epithets, without describing a bit more distinctly. On the whole, I think it was the best singing I ever heard, and as good as can be. The manner of the Countess was perhaps a little constrained in the effort to avoid relapsing into the cantatrice, and on two occasions, instead of confining her courtesy to the Empress, she for an instant bent to the applauding audience. I doubt much whether this taste of the glory of past times was not more really delightful to her than any of the rank or other results of her marriage. She was sent for by the Empress at the close of her song, an act which is the common courtesy shown to professional songsters, and which has been constantly shown to Taglioni—I thought the discriminating delicacy of Her Majesty might have avoided on this occasion.

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Album of Six Songs.*

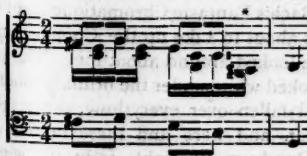
Of more than ordinary interest to the student of English composition is this Album of Songs. Mr. Dunkley has a serious ideal, strives earnestly after it, and keeps the very best models constantly in his mind. He has abundance of originality, and even the rarer gift of giving original ideas a pleasing embodiment in attractive melody. The most striking feature is the ease with which his mind can connect tonalities of the most distant relationship. Indeed, enharmonic modulation has become second nature to him, and constitutes a very serious drawback to an unalloyed pleasure. Even in the most unaffected song of this series—"My Jean"—where there are only two strains (in C minor and E flat major), the composer cannot resist a sudden jump from the chord of E flat to that of D, at "deathless soul." It is not that the effect in this particular instance is so unpleasant, but it is an example that the composer finds it impossible to trust entirely to ordinary diatonic progression, even in the simplest harmonic ideas, and the consequence is a feeling of restlessness induced in those who hear the songs, and even an unpleasant effect in those who only see the printed paper. Liszt—evidently Mr. Dunkley's model—was able to use charming enharmonic effects, and used them profusely; but he knew also how to value diatonic melody when the inspiration served.

I do not know any of Mr. Dunkley's other compositions, or what *opus* this Album is, but I presume it is a comparatively early work, and on that account would seek earnestly to point out that more self-restraint and, in some cases, more careful polish to some periods would greatly enhance the value of undoubtedly interesting and promising work.

Such a phrase as this from No. 1 is not pleasant either to eye or ear—



Nor does the originality of the chord marked * counterbalance its harsh effect (from No. 3)—



The meaning of the major chord on p. 7 (bar 3) is hard to see. Again, it is not easy to reconcile the ear to such a progression as—



The dominant 9th, near the end of the same song, remains suspended in mid-air in a most tantalising way, and the abrupt breaks in the

* Six Songs by Ferdinand Dunkley. Dedicated to Mrs. Henschel, Magazine of Music Office, London.

continuity of the last song are more like the work of a jerry builder than of an architect.

In spite of these defects, the songs are very interesting, and some of them are really beautiful.

The words of the first do not lend themselves well to "song" setting. The lines of a sonnet, as a rule, are too heavy, and suggest choral and orchestral effects rather than the delicate *Kunstlied*. "The horse alone cropping audibly his later meal" is neither poetical nor inspiring; and, indeed, it is after passing that interesting object in the landscape that Mr. Dunkley finds the beautiful theme which dominates the rest of the song. It is a pity that the musician did not part company with the poet before the last two lines, as the words are not conspicuously interesting, the modulations crude, and the close unworthy. The second song—"Music when soft Voices die"—is very beautiful, and could not fail to make an impression on any sympathetic audience. The inevitable enharmonic modulation is most delicately managed after "when thou art gone." It is surely a mistake to make the last syllable so high and so long, seeing the accent is on "slumber," not "on." It would have been better to have adopted the rhythm of the accompanying figure for the words.

"My Jean" is simple and expressive, and has a skilful accompaniment. "O Moonlight deep and tender" has a very telling, if not very original subject, and, in spite of some harmonic crudities, is effectively written. "An Arabic Song" looks more like a nightmare. The key is five flats, varied by six sharps; and accidentals, changes in rhythm, groups of two notes alternating with triplets, combine to present three pages, which, I venture to say, would be the terror of almost any amateur. Such songs are better kept in M.S., to be used only by those who have time and opportunity. "Whaur does the blythe Bee syp" is a taking song—rather reminiscent of Chopin's *Andante Spianato* in its first subject, and very abrupt in the entry of the second, but interesting and spirited throughout.

Serious amateurs cannot do better than get the Album; they will find much in it to please both themselves and their friends. F. S. P.

Sunny Junetide.

Years ago, one sunny Junetide,
I was in a garden fair,
Rich with stately bending roses
Nodding in the noonday air;
There were clusters of fair lilies
Shower'd with spray from fountains tall,
But the lady of the garden—
She was fairest flower of all.

All the air with love seem'd laden
In that garden years ago,
Nothing of the world's harsh workings
Found an entrance there I trow;
And the lady of the garden
Tended all with such sweet grace,
That for very love the rosebuds
Lent their blushes to her face.

When again 'twas sunny Junetide,
Pleading hard I won my quest
To select from that fair garden
Either flower I loved the best;
So I gather'd one rose blushing
Near the fountain's silv'ry fall,
But the rosebud which I gather'd
Was the fairest flower of all.

E. ATTWOOD EVANS.

Where Violins are Made.

THERE is really but one place in the world where violins are made extensively. That place is Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, Klingenthal, Fleissen, Rohrbach, and Grasitz, in Saxony, Germany. There are altogether about 15,000 people living there who do nothing else day after day but make violins, and to go there and watch them is one of the most interesting of sights. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old grey-headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, all are engaged in making some part of a fiddle. A good one consists of sixty-two different pieces. They are cut, planed, smoothed, and measured, everything being accurate and precise with the model. The older men make the finger-board from ebony, and the string-holder or the screws. The small boys have to make themselves useful by looking after the glue-pot on the fire and bringing their elders things as they want them. A man with strong, steady hands and a clear eye puts the different pieces together, and this is the most difficult task of all. Most violins are made of maple-wood that grows in that part of the country, or over the frontier in Bohemia. The women generally occupy themselves as polishers. This requires long practice, and a family that has a daughter who is a good polisher is considered fortunate. Even a young man, when he goes a-wooing, inquires whether the young girl is a good polisher, and if she is it certainly will increase his affection for her at least two-fold. The polishing takes a good deal of time, some of the best violins being twenty or even thirty times polished. Every family has its peculiar style of polishing, and they never vary from that. There is one who makes nothing but a deep wine colour, another a citron colour, yet another an orange colour, and so on.

A DROLL story of Christine Nilsson is told by Max Maretzky. "She was a big eater," he declares, "but she put on airs about her food; yet on one occasion, when she was under Strakosch's management (in America) and I was a musical director, she had to eat what she could get. We were *en route* from Cincinnati to Buffalo. On the road, about half-way, I got out and bought a big sausage and a loaf of rye bread, and when the train moved again I began to eat it with quiet relish. Nilsson, who sat almost directly opposite, turned around with a grimace of disgust on her face.

"Who is eating garlic, or sausage, or something?" she asked bitterly. "Bah!" And she took out three or four flacons and sprinkled the perfume all over the car. "Couldn't you wait till we got to Buffalo? Must you buy such awful stuff? You knew Strakosch had ordered dinner at Buffalo, but you couldn't wait. You had to buy that awful sausage and make me sick!"

"Nilsson continued in this strain for a short time. I put the rest of my sausage into my pocket. I apologised; I felt rather sheepish. Now it happened that just as we were a few hours from Buffalo a freight train broke down, and we were hemmed in. Everybody was excited. We would be late. We were hungry. At about ten o'clock I fell asleep. I had eaten and was comfortable. The others were not.

"At about two o'clock in the morning I felt a touch on my arm. I rubbed my eyes and stretched.

"Who is it? What's the matter?"

"Hush! it's I, Max. It's Christine. I say, Max, I'm awfully hungry. Can't you let me have that bit of sausage I saw you put into your pocket yesterday? Do let me have it, Max!"

"Imagine a 'goddess' eating bologna; but she did it, and with a relish."

Music Study Abroad.

A STORY.

BY ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following chapters contain a sketch of true life and of all the attendant joys and hardships of music study abroad followed under difficulties. The author has collected his materials from personal observation and experience, and from the diaries and correspondence of a few of the characters kindly lent him for that purpose. He intends the whole to be a hindrance to the weak, a prop to the strong; and can assure the hesitating that if they but face the hardships Herbert Cavendish, Frederic Bourke, and Leslie Cameron have struggled through, the sweets of student life will more than compensate them for everything. Nor does he exaggerate in saying that the years of their student life will ever shine out from the past with a halo of happy memories no time can dim, no future obliterate; and that each succeeding year of life will but add to that distance, lending "enchantment to the view."

CHAPTER I.

IN the beginning of the "eighties" Rubinstein was in England and the sister island giving concerts. The name of the great pianist conjures up to the memory of all those who have heard him, scenes of enthusiasm, hours spent in his concerts, when the minutes seemed prolonged to ten times their length, yet all too short, when Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann revealed unthought-of beauties under his fingers, and the blessings of life made a pessimist like Schopenhauer an absurdity. During their journey of 1881 the famous virtuoso fatally unsettled the minds of three students, and left on their young imagination an impression that turned the whole bent of their lives into other channels.

In May 1881 the Russian pianist was in Dublin; his coming was long heralded by the newspapers, and in a first-class railway carriage on the road between Dublin and Dundrum a gentleman who read one such paragraph, tossed the *Irish Times* over to his eleven year old son, and said, good-humouredly,—

"Say, Freddy, would you like to hear this piano pounder?"

Freddy had been looking out over the Dublin mountains, and, turning quickly round, read the paragraph hastily, then he looked up into his father's face with eyes full of enthusiasm.

"O papa!" was all he could say.

The world seemed suddenly to have grown brighter for him. Rubinstein! Rubinstein! the piano wizard actually coming; in three days more he would be breathing Irish air, treading on Irish soil, living, sleeping, eating like all around him, one of Dublin's residents. The thought was too much for the music-loving boy, and his heart beat faster as he stood by the carriage window, the newspaper his father had given him in his hand.

Mr. Bourke laughed. He was a clever lawyer, who hated music, and it puzzled him

exceedingly that he should have a son like Freddy, for Freddy seemed only to exist for music.

"Well, I suppose you would like to go."

"O papa, I should *love* to go!" said Freddy.

Mr. Bourke laughed again, and took out his purse. "Well, then, here is a sovereign; buy two tickets, one for yourself and one for your mother, or perhaps three. I don't mind going once in a way. Let me see—Monday evening; yes, I am free. But mind, my boy," said the lawyer assuming the parental—"a *sine qua non* of your going is that your Homer be better prepared. Johnson complained to me yesterday that you spend your time drawing crotchetts and quavers in class instead of attending to what he is saying, and this you know won't do."

Freddy looked a little bit confused.

"Yes, papa," he said hurriedly, "I will;" and with this answer Mr. Bourke seemed satisfied, for he leant back and took up his paper.

"Anton Rubinstein, Anton Rubinstein, Anton Rubinstein!" Freddy kept saying to himself as the train sped on, till at length the rhythm of the locomotive adapted itself to the name, and Freddy seemed to breathe in unison until "Anton Rubinstein" in his fancy echoed on all sides. The boy never forgot this moment; it was a turning-point in his life; and for years, whenever he entered a train, he seemed to hear "Anton Rubinstein! Anton Rubinstein!" repeating itself with every puff puff of the engine.

Freddy went to school that day, and made little progress; in fact, his inattention was so great that he got kept in two hours, missing thereby the three o'clock train; at five he was quickly speeding to the music shop, where he not only procured the three tickets and a programme, but spent his last shilling on a cabinet photo of the Russian pianist. Fate, however, was kind to him, for on arrival at the Harcourt Street terminus he spied his father and mother already seated in the train, and, avoiding their notice, he got into a carriage near the engine, and when the train stopped at Dundrum he quickly sprang out and stood on the platform as if he had but come to meet them.

It would be difficult to describe Freddy's feelings till the day of the concert. Friday evening and Saturday he made an effort and got through the learning of his lessons, but it was with a sigh of relief he opened his eyes to Sunday morning. Of course he went to church, and then after the usual early Sunday dinner he was off to Dublin to St. Patrick's—Paddy's Opera, as Irishmen irreverently dub the magnificent Sunday services in their beautiful cathedral.

In after-life, amidst the whirl and brilliance of continental towns, Freddy often thought of the Sunday evenings he had spent in Dublin as a boy. The dim cathedral, with its solemn air and stained glass windows shining out under the Gothic arches, came before his eyes; the hush and quietness as one entered, the file of white-robed choristers passing up the aisle, and the first notes of the organ as it fell so sweetly on the ear.

Cathedral services are treats most English boys can attain, and till they live in strange lands they can never appreciate how great these are. Freddy certainly enjoyed, but his real appreciation came later on when he had left his Irish home and lived amongst strangers. There he heard no organ playing anything like the beautiful performance he heard Sunday after Sunday in St. Patrick's, when Dublin's well-loved musician, Sir Robert Stewart, sat before

the instrument of which he was so great a master, nor did he ever hear such cathedral singing or such singers, solo and chorus, as he did in the grand old cathedral dedicated to Ireland's patron saint; and surely, in the rendering of the sacred music of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, the secret lies not with our German cousins but with ourselves.

Freddy had a dim idea that the great Russian pianist might be in the cathedral, and for that reason he crept up near the organ, thinking to find him with Sir Robert; but that distinguished musician was surrounded by a bevy of students from Dublin University who were going in for musical degrees, so Freddy turned away a little disappointed, postponing all his expectations to the great event of the morrow.

Dundrum is a charming village situated at the foot of the Dublin mountains. It contains one street eminently prosperous looking, and from this street branch off roads, some leading to the sea, some to the mountains, some townwards, but all of them beautiful and shady; for villas and demesnes abound, and the country about has therefore rather the appearance of one vast park than anything else.

After tea on Sunday evening Freddy would have given any thing to sit down to the piano-forte; but his papa, he knew, would consider him clean demented had he attempted anything so Sabbath breaking; so he went up to the drawing-room and made up a small bundle of music, and with this under his arm he stole out under the covering of the trees in company with his dog Diamond, got out on to the road through a break in the hedge, and then took the turn leading to the mountains.

A brisk walk of twenty minutes took him there to a favourite spot of his own choosing, for it was generally there Freddy studied music without an instrument, since just as another chose a book, he chose a piece of music. Later on, this ability of his to read music made him the wonder of his class amongst German lads, and he knew it was merely the result of long practice and necessity. His father hated music, and when Mr. Bourke was at home Freddy never dared open a piano-forte, consequently he was in the habit of intently studying his pieces before ever he had tried them at the piano-forte.

Lost in study, Freddy never heeded the hours as they went by; he had gone through Beethoven's Op. 53 thoroughly, through Schumann's C major Fantasie, Mozart's Fantasie in C minor, Bach's Fantasie Chromatique and Fugue, and was about to take up the Chopin numbers when he looked around about him. The yellow gorse looked white under the brilliant moonlight that had fallen over everything, the stars had come out, and here and there in the valley where Dundrum lay, lights from the windows began to peep through the trees. Diamond, snug and comfortable, lay asleep in the dry grass at Freddy's feet, and the shadows of night were fast deepening over the mountains. Clearly it was time to go home, and this Freddy did, whistling to Diamond to awake him; and the two hurried off, Freddy singing the motives from the music he studied as he left the steep mountain road and plunged into the shadows of the pine woods in the valley.

There are moments in the lives of all boys when it seems that time never can bring round the desired hour, and it was so with Freddy all that night and the day following; but at length dinner was eaten, and he with his father and mother stood waiting for the train. He had been in a fever in case they should miss it, for his mother was a very beautiful woman and

accustomed to take her time over her toilets ; so that they arrived at the station just when the train was visible : but at last they were seated. Freddy held his mother's bouquet, and submitted to be pulled into shape ; she smoothed down his coat, creased his collar, made him put on his light kid gloves, and in short made herself just as disagreeable as mothers do on such occasions. And Freddy was unconscious of it all ; he held her roses with hot hands and a beating heart, and could only ponder over the happiness in store for him. He was, for the first time, about to hear the greatest pianist in Europe, —an artist who made his audiences weep and laugh and grow frantic at will, —an artist who was master of all *nuances* of feeling, who could hurl one from the heights of transcendental philosophy to the depths of tenderest human love,—an artist who sang himself into one's soul or took hold of one forcibly by the storm and stress of his mighty passion.

Freddy knew what was coming, yet his expectations were below the reality.

They were a few minutes earlier than the hour, and once when the door opened and a man came on to the platform, Freddy held his breath—was this Rubinstein ? No, it was a tuner opening the pianoforte.

The audience bustled in ; people were talking and laughing ; the stalls had a galaxy of Ireland's famous beauties ; then, suddenly, the door opened, and the characteristic head of the well-known pianist appeared in the door-way ; a second later he stood in front of the platform, and was bowing deeply to an audience who received him enthusiastically.

He sat down, and from that time our Freddy seemed to lose all consciousness. The very first notes told their own tale. Here was a pianist like unto no other ; here was an artist who was genius and poet and man all in one !

Bach, Mozart, Beethoven—oh what a treat ! then a pause, and the pianist returned to Schumann's immortal *Fantaisie* in C major.

Freddy never moved from his seat ; he listened like one silent from terrible awe ; his face grew whiter and whiter ; his eyes dilated ; he breathed harder.

Mr Bourke bent across to his wife and said with a sigh, —

“ Julia, I'll meet you at the train. Teeling and I are going round to Burton Bindon's for some supper ; I cannot stand this noise longer !”

Mrs. Bourke half rose as if to accompany him. She had shown her beautiful gown, had heard Rubinstein, and felt faint from the heat and the perfume of the roses lying on her lap ; but Freddy laid his hand on her arm. “ O Mamma ! ” was all he said, but no one had ever laid such protest and such pleading in that simple cry.

She smiled and resumed her seat, for she was fond of her boy, understood his love for music, and felt that to a musician Rubinstein meant all that an idea of earthly paradise could seem to them.

Chopin followed Schumann, then Rubinstein Chopin ; and, as the great pianist finished, the audience rose *en masse* ; again and again he came to bow his thanks, and to play, till at length the lights were lowered and Freddy found himself helping his Mamma into her wraps, with every nerve of his brain palpitating and throbbing in his head.

Going home Mr. Bourke said, in his sarcastic way, “ Well, Freddy, you really mean to say that noise pleased you ? ”

Freddy felt dumb, unable to answer. “ I was never so glad,” he said, but so coldly that his father and mother thought him sleeping and made no further remark. But their son had never been more wide-awake, and, as if he had

forgotten all his father's hatred of music, the moment he reached home, late as it was, he sat down to the pianoforte and commenced to play over what he had heard.

He sat there till after midnight, for his father and mother in another room sat talking about him, and arranging that after all, since he really was so music mad, the best thing possible was to have him taught ; and it was only when Mr. Bourke came in to him with his bedroom candle all ready lighted that Freddy left the instrument.

He wished his father and mother “ good night ” and went up to his own room, but sleep was impossible for him. At first he stood by his window looking down at the trees in the garden, then at last something in the solemn stillness of the night seemed to make him long to be out in it, and throwing a rug on his arm he crept downstairs, unfastened one of the doors leading into the garden, and went out.

It was a night cold and still, full of beauty and peace, and, to the excited imaginations of the music loving lad it seemed that the souls of the great musicians were part of the loveliness about him.

Sitting on the steps of the terrace with the rug wrapped about him, and his head leaning back against the parapet, he gazed above him into the star-spangled horizon ; Schumann and Chopin, and Beethoven seemed to breathe around him. When the dawn came, he went in, and taking up a note-book where he was wont to record things of interest in his schoolboy life, he wrote in his round, legible handwriting :

“ The Neapolitans say, ‘ See Naples and die : ’ I have now heard Antón Rubinstein, come what may for me, I can die happy ; I shall ever be happy ; life can offer nothing better.”

He sat with the pen in his hand wanting to write more, but tired nature asserted itself. Two or three times he nodded outright, then making an effort he pulled off his things and lay down in his bed asleep before even his head had touched the pillow.

He awoke late, dazed and giddy, ashamed of his enthusiasm ; then the various scenes of the previous night came before him, and he heard the great pianist again in fancy. He forgot everything as he lay entranced ; forgot his school, his lessons, the necessity of his catching the train, of dressing, of eating his breakfast,—in short Freddy was mad again.

That day he attended no school. Mr. Bourke saw he was labouring under intense excitement, and again gave him money to buy tickets for the second concert which was to take place on the day following.

The concert came off in due course, and after it was over Freddy found himself standing on the steps of the exhibition building, feeling desperate. He could have borne anything in that moment but the thought that Rubinstein was going away, would play in other towns, and yet that he would hear him no more.

At that moment the great pianist came out with some gentlemen, and with the courage of despair the lad went up and stood before him.

“ Mr. Rubinstein,” he said breathlessly, “ I have never heard anything like you ; take me with you—only let me hear you again.”

Rubinstein looked dreadfully annoyed for a moment, and was about to pass roughly on, but fortunately for Freddy one of the gentlemen knew him, and whispered something into the pianist's ear.

Rubinstein stopped. “ And your papa—your mamma ? ” he asked.

Freddy waved his hand ; then he turned to his friend, “ Oh tell him, tell him, how I love music ! I can die, I can starve,—but I must go with him.”

Rubinstein had had many enthusiastic admirers, but none such as Freddy.

“ But, my dear child,” he said kindly, “ this is the wildest nonsense. I cannot take you with me unless your papa allows. The police would be taking me.”

“ And if my papa allows ? ”

“ Well, then, that is another thing,” said the pianist, with a shrug of amusement and disbelief.

Freddy waited to hear no more ; he simply fled to his father's office in Harcourt Street.

“ Papa ! papa ! ” he cried, as he burst into the door—fortunately finding his father alone—“ Rubinstein will take me to London with him, if you let me go ! Oh, say I may go ? ”

“ What,” said the matter-of-fact lawyer, startled as he looked down at his flushed and panting son.

Freddy told his story in detail ; and, throwing his arms about his father's neck, he begged and prayed in a thousand different forms in the space of some minutes, with a logic and a pleading that proved irresistible to the Irish heart of his father.

Mr. Bourke stood up like a man who felt he was acting foolishly. “ You are a big fool,” he said to his son, as he laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder, “ to care so much for this beastly music ; but come along to the piano-smasher's hotel. If he arranges it, well and good—I'll let you go ; only, what will your mother say ? ” he added grimly.

“ Papa,” said Freddy, and with one spring he was embracing his father.

Mr. Bourke hated caresses of all kinds, and he hastily disengaged his son's clinging arms ; then he put on his hat, and calling an outside car, he and his son drove down to Rubinstein's hotel, feeling like a pair of naughty school-boys.

Three hours later, Freddy, in the clothes he stood in, and without luggage of any sort—not even a handbag—was standing on the deck of the Holyhead boat beside Rubinstein, waving his hands to his father, and after waiting till the boat had long left the quay Mr. Bourke returned to his office, and from there went home to arrange things with Freddy's mother.

It was a difficult half-hour for the lawyer ; he was reproached and upbraided, but at length Mrs. Bourke calmed down, and, after a dinner that was half tears and wholly quarrels between herself and her better half, she got together some articles of wearing apparel for her son, and these were duly forwarded after him.

It seems needless to say after this that Freddy was in paradise. He was Rubinstein's shadow, and the great pianist was amused at the gifted and enthusiastic boy. They became fast friends before even the half of the *tournée* was ended ; and at night in his bed the boy prayed with a fervour that was pathetic, that God would lengthen the days.

To his father he wrote the following note from London :—

“ MY DEAR PAPA,—I can never never thank you. I am with Rubinstein every day, and at every one of the concerts—in Leeds and Birmingham, and every place else. I sat in the front row. I hope Diamond is well, and that he doesn't fret after me ; dogs do die sometimes of grief, and I know how dogs feel now. Dear papa, I am Rubinstein's dog. That is all. I am the happiest person in the whole earth.

“ Give my love to dear mamma. I hope she is not angry with me ; I will be back in June.—Your affectionate son, FREDDY.

“ P.S.—Please write me how Diamond is ? ”

Mr. Bourke's feelings were rather unique on receipt of this characteristic epistle, and especi-

ally when, a few weeks later, he went over to fetch his son. He found him alone in his bedroom, sobbing bitterly. Rubinstein was gone.

Father and mother and home and country, all these seemed nothing to the lad. The earth contained only one thought for him. Rubinstein was gone! and no bereaved lover ever felt his loss more intensely.

That night Freddy was so ill and feverish that travelling was out of the question, and the next day Mrs. Bourke received a telegram that brought her to London at once, for Freddy lay dangerously ill with brain fever.

Day and night his parents watched over him with a care and tenderness no filial love could ever requite them for, then slowly and wearily Freddy regained health.

During the Rubinstein concerts he had made friends with two enthusiastic lads like himself, Bertie Cavendish and Leslie Cameron, and when he got better and whilst he was still weak the two often came to see him.

They were both of them some years older than he, consequently they had ideas more formed. Both of them were music students, and it was from them Freddy learned to think of a possible career.

In August Freddy returned to Dublin, and the boys at once began a correspondence that all enjoyed. They were only three children, but they were faithful servants of their muse; their ideals were pure and good and true, the bent of their minds unmistakable, their ardour unquenchable, and their intention to become musicians so strongly rooted in their three young brains that not all the discouragement and privation adverse fortune placed in their way could make them relinquish the idea.

(To be continued.)

How to Practise.

—o—

We propose to publish in our Music Supplement each month, for our young readers, a short piece by some one of the great masters, with explanatory remarks, which we hope may help them to understand and practice with pleasure the beautiful works which have interested and delighted generations of earnest students.

THE pieces presented for study this month are selected from Schubert's Deutsche Tänze (German Dances), Op. 33.

There are sixteen short waltzes and two ecossaises in this set of dances. We give Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 of the waltzes, both because the complete set would be rather too long for our purpose, and because these are representative examples of this kind of dance, and we have also taken care to preserve a proper relation between the keys of those we have chosen, so that they may be played consecutively.

The opening phrase of No. 1 is exceedingly bold and dignified, and must be well accented. Do not make the quaver in bar 2, after the dotted crotchet, too short, and be sure to hold down the dotted minim, bar 4, for the full three beats. We have given a change of fingers for this purpose.

The left-hand octaves in the second part give a very bright effect, but are not easy to play up to time. They ought to be specially studied.

The grace notes are all *acciaccature*; that is to say, they are played quickly and sharply, and have no accent. The chord at bar 7 is played by the thumb, first and fourth fingers together, but the accent falls on the third finger, which follows instantly.

No. 2 should be played softly almost all through, and not quite so fast as No. 1. Here the doubly dotted notes must be held down, and the semiquaver chords very lightly played. To divide the bars accurately, count them over in semiquavers. Of these there are, of course, twelve in each bar. Seven go to the doubly dotted crotchet, one (the 8th) goes to the semiquaver, and two each to the two quavers which finish the bar. Notice that the latter of these two is to be lifted gently. Give the full time to the three crotchets (*mezzo-staccato*) at bars 3, 7, 11, and 15.

No. 3 is very bright and sparkling. We have marked it to be played at the same *tempo* as No. 1, but it is often played quicker still.

The running passages must be practised till there is no fear of stumbling, and the repeated chords must be lightly as well as strongly played. The minims at bars 2 and 4 must be held down their full length. Mark the octaves in the left hand in the second part, and at the last note of bar 13, right hand, hold down the thumb till the upper octave is reached by the fourth finger. The first finger must, of course, be raised, but the holding of the thumb gives the effect of smoothness.

No. 4 may be taken a shade slower than No. 3, and must be very daintily and neatly played, the passages of thirds must be very smooth and equal, and the *staccatos* very light.

The first note of the Mordente (*Schneller*) is played along with the left hand chord and the lower note of the right hand one.

No. 5 forms a charming contrast to the two last. Here the melody is sustained all through, and if the first of the two tied notes be always heavily accented, it will be easy to produce a good effect.

Accent the first note of each bar in the left hand, but do not neglect the other two beats. Notice also that the fingering of the left hand must be strictly attended to, and what Dr. von Bülow sarcastically calls the "amateurish" habit of always bringing up the fourth finger to all chords, must be guarded against.

The same advice may be given for the left hand of No. 6, which has the peculiarity of being written in two keys, the first part having the signature of A flat, and the second that of F. The right hand is to be made very smooth and flowing, and the grace notes very short.

The last waltz given, No. 6, calls for little special notice, if all the others have been carefully practised. It should be boldly and decidedly played, like the first. The ninth bar finishes with an accented chord, of which the highest and lowest notes are tied, while the middle note alone is struck, at the first beat of the next bar; it should therefore be accented. See also bars 11 and 12.

These waltzes are very useful as a preparation for modern music. In fact, they might almost be called a miniature training school for touch, tone, and expression.

Royal Italian Opera.

—o—

THE performance of "Don Giovanni" on May 7 was interesting, if not remarkable. Madame Tavary was an earnest Donna Anna, Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan a lively Zerlina, and M. Isnardon an excellent Leporello. Mozart's masterpiece was given

again on the 15th, with a slight difference of cast.

The production of "Manon" on May 19 drew a large house. The opera had not been heard in London for six years, but it was probably not so much the music as the *début* of Miss Sybil Sanderson and that of M. Van Dyck, which excited interest. The lady is a pleasing actress, but her voice is not powerful enough for so large a theatre as Covent Garden. M. Van Dyck, the Belgian tenor, has already made his mark on the Continent, especially at Bayreuth. He has a rich, sonorous voice, and he is one of those great actors who become rather than play their part. He was received with great enthusiasm. Mention should also be made of M. Isnardon and M. Juteau, from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, who, in minor parts, contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

On the following night "The Huguenots" was given with an unusually big cast, and Meyerbeer's great work essentially demands great exponents. There was one new-comer, Mdlle. Mravina, from, we believe, the Petersburg Opera; she has a pure and pleasing soprano voice, and in the rôle of the Queen showed herself an accomplished actress. Madame Albani as Valentine, Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli as Urbano, and the De Reszkes as Raoul and Marcel were at their best, and, naturally, gave the utmost satisfaction.

Wagner soon followed Meyerbeer, and it is strange often to find the works of these two men, so different in character, so near each other on the opera list. It shows anyhow that the taste of the public is catholic, for both names draw. The performance of the "Meistersinger" on Saturday evening, May 23, was a brilliant success. Madame Albani, as the Eva, has rarely played and sung with more freshness and fascination. M. Jean de Reszé proved himself once more a poetical and powerful Walther. M. Lassalle, the Hans Sachs, and M. Isnardon, the Beckmesser, deserve high praise; the one for his dignified bearing, the other for his unexaggerated reading of his difficult part. The choruses were well rendered, and Signor Mancinelli conducted with zeal, though at times his enthusiasm seemed to get the better of his discretion.

Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" was given in French on June 2, when Madame Melba, the Australian prima donna, made her *entrée*. She was in excellent voice, and her brilliant singing was fully appreciated. MM. Jean and E. de Reszé (Roméo and Frère Laurent) were, as usual, admirable. Mdlle. Regina Pinkert, as Stephano, sang with much point, and Signor Ceste deserves praise for his impersonation of Mercutio. Gounod's "Mireille" was revived on June 10. This opera contains light and pleasing music, but seems out of place on the large Covent Garden stage. Miss Eames sang her showy part with great success, and she acted with considerable vivacity. M. Ceste took the part of the rival lover for M. Maurel at the last moment, and acquitted himself well. M. Lubert sang and acted in an artistic manner.

FIRST THOUGHT OF THE "ELIJAH." — "One evening," says Hiller, "I found Felix deep in the Bible. 'Listen,' he said; and then he read to me, in a gentle and agitated voice, the passage from the First Book of Kings, beginning with the words, 'And behold the Lord passed by.' 'Would not that be splendid for oratorio?' he exclaimed, and it did become part of the 'Elijah.'"

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personae.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. I have some more pieces by the Spanish pianist Albeniz. They include a Berceuse, a Romance sans Paroles with the rather startling title of "Angoisse," and a couple of Barcarolles, "Mallorca" and "On the Water" (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.). With the exception of the last-named, these pieces are much easier and simpler than most of Albeniz' compositions. It need scarcely be said that all four show unmistakably the hand of the accomplished musician; the more so, since, unlike so many "pianists' pieces," they are not of the "showy" type, and offer no opportunities for musical gymnastics. "Caprice Scandinavian," by Fred. Mullen (London: Arthur & Co.), is a decidedly original composition. I can't say I quite understand what it is all about, but I have no doubt the composer had some excellent Scandinavian reason for his peculiar effects, and the break-neck leaps, three octaves in extent, which he gives to the right hand. Then I have quite a batch of pieces by J. Warwick Moore (London: Arthur & Son). They consist of a Gavotte, "Elégante," a Morceau à la Gavotte, "Marguerite," two Quick Marches, entitled "Valiant" and "Royal Salute" respectively, a "Lilian Schottisch," and an Ancient Dance, "Mary Queen of Scots." Mr. Moore writes with a good deal of spirit, and in a popular style. His gavottes would make capital polkas, and his quick marches would be even better as galops. The Queen of Scots seems to have a fascination for him, since it was only the other day that I had "Mary Stuart," a Danse Antique by him. I do not consider him so successful in the ancient as the modern dance style.

Miss Seaton. I think you would all like a volume of "Six Songs" which I have here, words by William Ferguson, music by Gerard Cobb (E. Ascherberg & Co.). Mr. Cobb has set these pretty Scotch poems in most sympathetic style, those entitled "I'm wandering wide" and "The Burn Side" being particularly taking. "The Brooklet," by A. M. Stooke (Metaven, Simpson, & Co.), takes me back in spirit to my grandmother's old music-books, among which I used to rummage as a child, and wonder how any one could have taken the trouble to copy out "Showers of Pearls," "Cascades," "Garlands of Roses," etc. If one may prophecy backwards I should say that this particular "Brooklet" would have made a great sensation if it had appeared forty years ago. It is an anachronism at the present day. I rather like "Two Songs," by Georgette Petersen (Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh). The first is called "Ein Traum" and the second "Sag' ich ließ sie grüssen." Both are somewhat in the style of German Lieder. The words of the last-named are lively and piquant, and the setting is "Volkweise," which, by the way, is a different thing to our "popular." "By Islay's Shores," words by William Black, the novelist, music by Alfred Stella (Paterson &

Sons), is apparently intended as an imitation of an old Scotch song; unfortunately, it has not the true ring, and consequently falls rather flat. "Beyond," by Willem Coenen (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), is a sacred song, and not a favourable specimen of its kind. Mr. Coenen can do better things than this. "Beyond" is not a song any one would care to sing, even on Sunday evening in the country.

Trevor. And that's saying a good deal, isn't it? Did you ever spend Sunday in a country parsonage, where the drawing-room windows looked out on the churchyard, and the ringers maltreated the bells, and your hostess read aloud "Everlasting Punishment," all the evening? But to turn to a more cheerful subject. I have a most amusing volume of "Six Songs," composed and set to words by J. E. Barkworth (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.). Mr. Barkworth is evidently a genius of no mean order; he has actually accomplished the feat of putting the cart before the horse. In other words, he wrote the music first and the "poetry" afterwards. I must read you a bit of the prefatory note in which he explains and justifies this proceeding. He says: "In former days, when musical rhythms were simple and flexible, and the level of verse very high, musicians naturally wrote to the words; but now that music is grown complex, and the merit of verses for musical setting is not so great, it might be as well to write music first and words afterwards. In the following examples of this plan, the verses make no pretence to independent merit, the aim being merely to fit the voice-part with singable words not out of keeping with the feeling of the music." Is not that delicious? Here is a specimen verse of the singable words. A lover adjures his lady to

"Come for the glowworms' sake,
Lest they set watch in vain;
For the night winds that make
Moan as if waiting were pain;
Or alone to me
Wild they will rave, forgot
Of her whom they would see,
Who cometh not."

I conclude that the music, unlike the words, does "make pretence to independent merit." It is certainly "complex" enough as regards some of the harmonies and modulations. But then one cannot expect genius to be bound by ordinary rules and regulations. "Where shall the Lover Rest?" and "Lochinvar," from the music to "Marmion," by A. C. Mackenzie (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), are two songs of more than average merit. The first pleases me the best; the rhythm of the poem is so melodious that it almost sets itself to music. The second is rather disappointing. So fine and inspiring a theme requires bolder and more vigorous treatment. One cannot help reflecting how splendidly Loewe would have handled such a subject. Then I have, "She dwelt among the untrodden Ways," by Wordsworth, and "Thekla's Song," from "Wallenstein," composed by W. Fishburn Donkin, F.R.S., late Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford (Novello, Ewer, & Co.). Mr. Donkin has evidently found time to study the science of music as well as that of astronomy, for his accompaniments show a good deal of facility, but he seems to lack the gift of melody. His treatment of the Wordsworth poem is rather dry; perhaps, however, it would be difficult to gain much inspiration from the idea of a maid "whom there were none to praise, and very few to love." On the whole, I think the composer is more successful in "Thekla's Song." It is a pity the German version of the latter is not given, as the English translation is deplorable.

Mrs. Morton. I have some of Novello, Ewer, & Co.'s Albums for violin and pianoforte. Nos. 11 and 12 each contain six sonatas by Corelli; No. 17, six sonatas by Handel; No. 18, six trios by Corelli. In each case the pianoforte accompaniments have been constructed upon the original figured bass by Arnold Dolmetsch, who has also supplied the marks of expression, bowing, and fingering. Mr. Dolmetsch seems to have done his work extremely well; the volumes are admirably got up, and are, to use a trade phrase, very good value for 3s. 6d. Then I have a series of "Seven Pieces" for violin and piano, by L. Balfour Mallett (London: Beare & Son). These consist of a Romance, Bourrée, Canzonetta, Scherzino, March, Reverie, and Mazurka. They are well-written pretty little pieces, suitable for young players. The same description might apply to a "Farewell Meditation," by J. Warwick Moore (London: Arthur & Co.).

Boyne. I have rather a clever song called "The Old Mill," words by George Barlow, music by Arthur Hervey (Paterson & Sons). It is over-long for a drawing-room song, which rather detracts from its effectiveness, but it is only fair to state that it is a composition of decided merit. "A Lost Love," by Alfred Stella (Paterson & Sons) is another setting of verses by George Barlow. I am always coming across songs by George Barlow now, and they all seem to be taken from some composition called the "Pageant of Life," which must be an inexhaustible mine of lyric verse. The songs are of very unequal merit from a literary point of view. Some are rather original, and others appear crude and forced. The present is not a very good example. There is a funny little Ibsenesque touch in the last few lines, where the deserted lover exclaims—

"Ah, my lost love, my treasure,
His soul is fierce and mean.
He loves you like a plaything :
I loved you like a queen."

The music is correct, but colourless. I have not any more songs to-day. I will just call your attention to the dramatic cantata "Rudel," composed by Dr. Bridge for the Chester Triennial Festival of 1891 (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), a well-conceived and cleverly-executed piece of work.

Miss Collins. I am afraid I have nothing very interesting to-day. Here is a song called "The Golden Bridge," by F. Mullen (Arthur & Co.), a semi-religious love-song of the usual cheerful style. "The Abbey Portal," by M'Connell Wood (Paterson & Sons), is a sacred song of the most approved type, with a chorus *ad libitum* of "Agnus Dei." Abbeys, cathedrals, and minsters, with their natural accompaniments of organs, choristers, and stained-glass windows, seem to have a great attraction for the mind of the song-composer just now. "From a Child's Hand," by R. B. Addison (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.), is a maudlin little ditty, which I am surprised to see has been sung by Miss Hilda Wilson.

Music and Musical Instruments at the Antipodes.

AREUTER'S TELEGRAM has been received from Melbourne, announcing the brilliant success of the concert—the first of the fresh Australian tour—given on Saturday evening last by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. One of the two Broadwood grands they took with them was used on the occasion, and both instruments, as we learn, were bought on the spot.

Loewe's Ballads and their Place in Musical History.

(Continued.)

—o:—

THESE great dramatic Scenas derived their enormous possibilities from the next development of the song form, which was the result of the romantic revival at the beginning of this century. Many circumstances combined made the movement, in music at least, strongest in Germany. There was fostered true dramatic feeling. There the unlimited capabilities of recitative music were fearlessly exploited by men who were musicians first, and who treated the superstitions of the Italian vocal school as secondary considerations. The independent orchestration, built upon the contrapuntal basis which had been laid by the ancestors of the degenerate Italian musicians, was also a valuable adjunct; and while these three played into each other's hands and worked together, the triumph of the style was further hastened by the general decay of the vocal school. The effects of this last factor were again most potent in Germany, for in that country the vocal school has always been inferior, therefore no great element of strength was removed when the system decayed.

It is an extraordinary thing that so much bad singing and untrue intonation is tolerated on the German stage even to-day. True there are splendid exceptions, but these only emphasise the general impression. We are not the people, however, to throw stones; for the worship of the voice is the most dangerous of all musical temptations, and the legitimate consequence, as we can see in Italy of the 18th and nearly up to the end of the 19th century, is the degradation of a national school, and in England it is one of the greatest bars to a healthy musical taste among the masses. While in Germany they tolerate and applaud a good actor who sings badly, or a man with more brains than voice, we commit the infinitely worse sin of applauding voice without brains, and encoring an inane, valueless song for the sake of one long-sustained high note.

It is in Germany then that we naturally look for the earliest and best examples of this new romantic dramatic vocal music, and as in opera we see the works of Marschner (*Hans Heiling* particularly) and Spohr overshadowed by the great fame of Weber, so in the history of Art Ballad we find the compositions of Schubert completely obliterating the efforts of Loewe, Marschner, and the first of all—Zumsteeg. They all did excellent work towards the development of their art, but when we remember that Marschner's *Hans Heiling* was produced in 1833, and *Der Freischütz* in 1820, that Loewe's great ballads appeared some years later than Schubert had gained the crown with the "Erl King," it is not too much to say that neither Marschner nor Loewe was absolutely necessary to the consistent progress of music. And as for Mr. Bach's dictum that "without Loewe there would have been a gap in the history of music, for to the art ballad the same rank is due in music as to the *epos in poetry*," it is so much grandiloquent nonsense.

Loewe's corner in the vineyard is a small one, and the one solitary plant he tended with any success could give its best wine only when grafted on a stronger root (*Senta's Ballad*),

planted in a richer soil (Schubert's "Erl King"), or still further differentiated under the finer influences of art song ("Der Wanderer").

The use and development of the art song is a fascinating theme, but must be left over for a future article, and we must now concern ourselves with the contents of these two volumes of Loewe's ballads.

And first a word about the editing. The music is clearly printed and very free from error, and the translations are, on the whole, well done. Who the "talented Edinburgh musician" is, however, it would puzzle an Edinburgh musician to say. The proof-sheets should have had a little more care bestowed on them. The division of English words which so often appears is very ugly;—"Sa-d," "we-pt," "li-ps." Such a word as "Seag—all" has also an unfamiliar look, though it represents nothing stranger than the seagull. The minor errors, such as "for" for "far," "to small," and (in translation) "friend" for "lover," "not since" for "not that," might have passed without criticism but for the price the publisher has chosen to charge for these books. Not by such means did Handel's oratorios take the hold of English hearts; and a disinterested wish to spread a love for Loewe's music might have rested content with less than 12s. net for thirteen songs.

The first song, "Edward," may be called the most characteristic in the collection. The subject is taken from an old Scotch ballad, which has been cleverly adapted to Loewe's music by the "Edinburgh musician," Mr. Geoghegan. Unfortunately, the composer has attempted to incorporate in his dramatic idea the "O" which appears at the end of every second line, in the manner familiar to all readers of old ballads. The consequence is a sixteensfold repetition of a disjointed syllable (usually an unresolved dissonance of the minor 9th), which is extremely difficult, nay impossible to sing without exciting the wonder and amusement of an audience, instead of adding to the artistic effect. As the two first subjects are eminently characteristic of Loewe's best style, I shall quote them in full—

Agitato.

Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid? Ed - ward!

Ed - ward! Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid, And why sae sad gang ye? O! O!

I haes killed my hawk sae guid, mi - ther,

The mother soon falls into Loewe's besetting sin, the chromatic scale—an excellent device, and one which seems to have been a favourite of the writers of the period, but which, fresh enough in this first song, occurs too often in these ballads.

A thrilling effect is obtained by the sudden transition from the dominant of E-flat minor to the chord of G minor at the first climax of the song—

At the second climax—"the curse of Hell"—analogous means are used, the modulation there being from the dominant of G minor back to the chord of E-flat minor. One more passage must be quoted—the modulation from G minor through E-flat minor, B (C-flat) minor, E minor, C minor, A-flat, E-flat, back to G minor—a very striking and original piece of composition—



Indeed, this song may be said to contain or represent at least all the good to which Loewe can lay claim. Its only flaws are the absurd use of the "O's" and the undue repetition

(fifty-six) times of a figure 

which soon loses its effect, and gives nothing in exchange, because it restricts Edward's mother to a very uninteresting succession of notes.

"The Three Woosers" ("Der Wirthin Töchterlein") aims at simplicity by choosing the Volkslied style. But by the time the two simple phrases have been repeated six times consecutively, one hails even such a shock as this (*) with comparative equanimity—



The introduction of G minor is as sudden—



In both passages the desire to produce a certain effect is as apparent as the failure to accomplish it, and both seriously detract from the delicious modulation from G to G major, which follows. A respectable commonplace standard is the measure of the song, and the last two lines sink below mediocrity. Silcher's charming Volkslied melody is as simple, infinitely sweeter, and not more wearisome in its twelve stanzas.

The third song is especially interesting as a famous attempt to set to music a ballad which will always remain Schubert's property. Even Goethe has lost his rights in it. As has already been mentioned, the opening is very effective. Out of the mysterious dark of the storm dashes the horse at full gallop with its living and terrified burden—



Such remarkable writing intensifies the feeling of disappointment when we find the Erl King's seductive song set to an uninteresting arpeggio of the common chord of G, and repeated by the aged sinner no fewer than twelve times in his three invitations. He breaks off at last into Loewe's favourite minor 9th, else we must have remained under the impression that the Erl kingdom's scale consisted entirely of natural harmonics!

The close offers two good examples of Loewe's originality of intention—the one (a) successful, and the other (b) eminently unsuccessful. The ugly effect of the minor chord following the major on a root which has just had a temporary dominant character emphasised by a minor 9th, shows a curious inability to see where originality becomes banality—



"Sir Oluf," quoted in the preface as a splendid opportunity for the use of the various qualities of a good voice, is singularly unworthy of this prominence. The subject (c) which does duty for the "Erlking's Daughter" is trivial to a degree, and is repeated a dozen times in three small pages. The "Erlking's Daughter" is a true descendant of her father, for her song (d) consists mainly of the minor chord of E, with D# added for the dominant bar—



The part where the knight is sorely wounded, helped to his horse, and sent home with a mocking farewell, is very fine and original. The short duet with his mother is also cleverly written, but in the andantino, where Loewe relates the events of the succeeding day, he tries to make the chord of E major with its dominant do duty for more than twenty bars of two-part writing, and the result is a painful feebleness from which there is no recovery till the end. (To be concluded)

Bülow's Reading of Beethoven.

CHAPTER VII.

THE *andante con moto* of Sonata, Op. 57, is one on which the touch of the player makes or mars the whole, for only a refined touch can bring out the wonderful poetic beauty of the piece—so Bülow at least tells his pupils. The *tempo* he uses is M.M. $\text{J}=100-108$, and *piano* throughout, unless where Beethoven has placed a *sforzando*.

Variation two must be played *sempre legato*, and perfectly so; not a touch of haste or unrest should mar the pellucid beauty of the accompaniments the bass must sing. At bar six of this variation Bülow uses an accent on the quaver A natural in the bass.

From the following bar, for the sake of clearness, I shall commence to number one, and soon—



Bülow is most particular in the rendering of this bass, and the students have to devote the utmost attention to a pearly playing of the notes. For the first four bars he uses a slight *crescendo* and *decrecendo* on the first and second beat, and the same on the third and fourth; but the first consideration is a pearly clearness.

At bar thirty-six he likens the bass to a violoncello, and to get the proper effect he teaches that the treble voice should be played *piano* and the bass *mezzo forte*.

In this sonata Beethoven's instructions are rather more minute than his instructions for other sonatas; and with this the intention of the composer is very clear, so that Bülow may be said to follow more or less exactly the Breitkopf and Härtel edition. The great thing for the student is to be in finger; and in order to reach perfection in the rendering Bülow impresses, often and earnestly, the absolute necessity for all students to study this entire movement, especially the *allegro ma non troppo*, slowly and with a full accented touch; only in this fashion will they ever attain to playing it properly. He also impresses on them the avoiding of all false amateurish sentiment. In short, this is a noble work before them, and a difficult one.

The *tempo* of the *allegro ma non troppo* is M.M. $\text{J}=132-138$ according to Bülow, and that of the *presto* M.M. $\text{J}=92-96$; and the first quavers of bars three and five in the *presto* for the sake of the melody he accentuates a little.

This entire *presto*, and in fact the entire work, is far beyond the powers of the ordinary player. On one occasion I remember a gifted player presenting it to Bülow at the lesson.

"How long have you studied it?" he asked.

"Two days," replied the pupil.

"Well, play," said Bülow, with a nod of his head.

Bülow made few corrections throughout, but at the close he took the sonata off the music desk and said drily,—

"Very good, very good, really excellently played, but go home and study it—how much longer do you suppose?"

"As long as you tell me, sir," was the cautious and dutiful answer.

Bülow laughed. "Then study it all your life," he said, with one of his smiles and a shrug of his shoulders, as he patted the young fellow approvingly on the back and sent him away. So from this one may estimate the difficulty of this sonata.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

Edinburgh Bach Society.

THE great encouragement and interest which the recently formed "Bach Society" has received from the Edinburgh public is a noteworthy sign of the development and cultivation of music in the Scottish capital.

In 1888 about twenty-five amateurs responded to the invitation of Mr. Franklin Peterson to form an Amateur Bach Club. Mr. Peterson had for some years made a special study of Bach's works, and a great desire to spread the knowledge of these noble compositions led him to put out this "feeler." The meetings proved so interesting and successful that at the end of the short season it was resolved to form a small committee, and try to found an "Edinburgh Bach Society." Sir Herbert Oakeley, late Professor of Music in the Edinburgh University, consented to be its honorary president, and the committee was composed of musical amateurs, with Mr. Peterson as the honorary secretary. The result has been notable success.

In 1889 the membership rose from thirty-three to sixty, and at the first annual concert the following works were in the programme:—

Concerto for three pianofortes in D minor; for two violins in D minor; for two pianofortes in C; and violoncello solos.

During the second year many of the best professionals in the city joined the young Society, and the membership rose to a hundred and eighteen. The musical committee of the Edinburgh Exhibition invited the Society to give its annual concert there, so that all expense was saved, and the honorarium was enough to pay off debts, and even to leave a small balance. The programme opened with the D minor Toccata and Fugue for organ, played by Mr. Peterson (who is a pupil of the famous organist, Herr C. August Fischer, Königl. Sächs. Hofmusikdirektor in Dresden), and included the beautiful "Gottes Zeit" cantata, and a chorus from "Ein Feste Burg," rendered by Mr. Waddell's choir, a repetition of the "Triple Concerto" by Miss Lichtenstein, Mr. Dace, and Mr. Peterson, and two violoncello solos by Herr Gallrein.

The secretary took advantage of Professor Joachim's annual visit to Edinburgh in March of this year to hold the first meeting of the third session when he was able to be present, and his distinguished patronage attracted a very large company. After the reports were read, the Professor made a short speech, complimenting the Society on its past history, and encouraging it to further effort. The third season was closed with the usual concert in the Freemason's Hall (May 27th). As some of the best known names in professional circles were advertised to take part, and the admission was only one shilling, the hall was overcrowded, and many had to be refused admittance. The programme was a long and interesting one.

Cantata, "Ein Feste Burg," Mr. Waddell's choir, with orchestral accompaniment. Violoncello solo, Aria by Ph. E. Bach, Herr Alfred Gallrein. Concerto in A minor for piano, violin, and flute (first time in Scotland), performed by Messrs. A. W. Dace, Daly, and Zobolinsky, with quintet accompaniment. Suite in D for orchestra. Aria from the Christmas oratorio, "Prepare thyself, Zion;" Aria, "Mein gläubiges Herz;" the former sung by Miss Duncan, one of the best amateurs in Edinburgh, and the latter by Mrs. Millar Craig. The concert closed with the lovely Concerto in C major for three piano-

fortes, by Messrs. T. H. Collinson, F. Gibson, Miss Lichtenstein, with quintet accompaniment (doubled).

The Society, which now numbers two hundred and forty, must be called a pronounced success, and though Mr. Peterson is fortunate in being able to invite so many of the élite among his colleagues in the profession, great credit is due to him for the enthusiasm and executive ability with which he organised such a Society, which in so short a time has increased its membership sevenfold. A selection of the works which have been presented at the ordinary meetings of the Society is appended.

Cantatas: "God's Time is the Best," "Ein Feste Burg."

Concertos for Three Pianos: D minor, C major. Two Pianos: C major: Pianoforte, violin, and flute; A minor. Solo Pianoforte: D minor, G minor, D major. Two Violins: D minor.

Sonatas: for Violin; Violoncello; Flute; Violin, Flute, and Pianoforte; Violin and Pianoforte.

Pianoforte and Organ Works.

Papers and Lectures: "Bach and his Famous Pupils," Mr. Montgomerie Bell (President of Society); "Bach, and an Analysis of E minor Fugue (Wohl. Kl. Bk. II.)," Herr Otto Schweizer; "Matthew Passion" (with illustrations); "Bach's Use of the Chorale" and "Fugue," Mr. Peterson.

The meetings, six in number, are held in March, April, and May of each year, so as not to interfere with the winter season, and the subscription is only 5s.—for professional members, 2s. 6d.

The Merchandise Marks Act.

WE have much pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers and the trade generally to Messrs. Bechstein's action against Messrs. Tooth. The judgment given will have the hearty approval and endorsement of the public. It is to the interest of all music lovers that firms like Messrs. Bechstein, who have, by many years of honourable effort, established a reputation synonymous with sound workmanship and first-class quality of tone, should be protected against adventurers. The Bechstein piano is every day becoming more widely known; their instruments are now constantly heard in our concert rooms; and it is intolerable that any one should mislead the public by manufacturing pianos and selling them as "Bachstein's." The "a" for "e," in advertisements and descriptions, would, even if noticed, be looked upon as a printer's error.

At Marlborough Street, Messrs. Anthony and Alphonse Tooth, auctioneers, of Oxenham's sale rooms, Oxford Street, appeared before Mr. Newton to an adjourned summons taken out by Henry W. Berridge, a clerk to Mr. Carl Bechstein, the well-known pianoforte manufacturer of Wigmore Street and Berlin, for having in their possession for sale a pianoforte to which a false trade description had been applied. Mr. Besley and Mr. Bodkin prosecuted, and Mr. Banks appeared for the defence. The evidence previously given showed that Messrs. Tooth published a catalogue of a sale to take place on May 1, in which was an entry of a piano by "C. H. Bachstein." Mr. Berridge saw the piano, and found on the fall the words "C. H. Bachstein, Hof Pianoforte Fabrik" (Court Piano Factory). As Mr. Bechstein claimed to be piano manufacturer to the German Court, he considered that the public might be led by those words to believe that the piano was made at his factory in Berlin. Messrs. Tooth, in defence, declared that they merely had the piano sent to them to sell in the ordinary way, and that they had no desire to do injury to any firm. Moreover, it

was mentioned that directly Mr. Bechstein made complaint, Messrs. Tooth withdrew the piano from the sale. Mr. Anthony Tooth now deposed that he received the piano complained of from Mr. Walter Watson, of Euston Road. The catalogues were made up by his clerks, who could only take the descriptions from the goods as they find them. Evidence was then taken in support of another summons respecting a piano bearing the name of Schiedmayer which, it was alleged, had not been manufactured by the firm of that name. George Culverwell, manager to Messrs. Cramer, said he had seen a piano which was entered in one of Messrs. Tooth & Tooth's catalogues. It was marked "Schiedmayer, Berlin," but he recognised it as an instrument made by Rosenaar, of Berlin, which Messrs. Cramer had let to a woman on the hire system. At that time the name Rosenaar was on the fall. Archibald Ramsden, the English representative of Schiedmayer of Stuttgart, said he knew of no firm of piano manufacturers of the name of Schiedmayer in Berlin. Mr. Anthony Tooth deposed that a lady brought him the piano in question to sell, saying that she had brought it from Berlin. After he had sold it, Messrs. Cramer claimed the instrument as their property. He had seen the police about the woman, and had discovered that there were several warrants out for her arrest. A third summons was heard against Walter Watson, an auctioneer, of the Euston Road, for a similar offence. Mr. Leslie, solicitor, appeared for the defence. George Taylor, who had been for about six months in the employ of Mr. Watson, said that he had seen pianos arrive at the premises of Mr. Watson from Hamburg without names. They were marked with different names before being sent out. On April 29, two pianos were delivered at the premises of Messrs. Tooth. Mr. Watson said that he had been carrying on business as an auctioneer in the Euston Road for about nine months. He had dealt with a pianoforte dealer named Kreuse, of Hamburg, for three years. He received the particular piano bearing the name of "Bachstein" in February last in the same state as it was at present. He had bought several "Bachstein" pianos from different dealers in Germany, and had not heard of Mr. Bechstein until lately. Cross-examined.—A writ had been served upon him with respect to another make of pianos. He had had Winkelmann's pianos with the name-plate separate. Emil Pohl, a porter to Mr. Watson, said that the piano in question was now in precisely the same state as when he unpacked it on its arrival from Germany. He had sometimes stuck labels on pianos that had no name on them. The labels were sent over from Hamburg with the instruments. Mr. Newton said that he thought Messrs. Tooth & Tooth had acted negligently. They would have to pay £10, with five guineas costs, and Watson must also pay the same amounts. It was stated on behalf of Messrs. Tooth that they intended to appeal.

Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music.")

EAR SIR,—I am afraid that Mr. Lunn and myself must just "agree to differ" on the subject of nose breathing. I cordially thank him for the pleasant tone of his letter, and feel that of course he is quite right to advocate the method he approves of. My own convictions, however, remain unchanged. By the way, the statement that the throat being kept warm and moist (i.e. in better condition for singing) is therefore less easily fatigued, seems to me quite logical. It is at least quite true, according to my own experience.

In Mr. Wallis's letter he says it is an utter impossibility to breathe through the nose and the mouth at the same time. Many people, I think most people, find it quite possible. I can and do breathe through nose and mouth simultaneously whenever I choose. Mr. Wallis may not be able to do so; but let any one who wishes to find out whether I have stated a fact or not, stand before a mirror, holding two tiny pieces of downy feather, one close to the nose, the other to the mouth, and then strongly draw in the breath

through both openings. He will most probably find as I did (for I have made the experiment), that both the little feathers move slightly inwards.

There is not the slightest occasion for any one to acquire the "ugly habit of sniffing." In fact, this extremely disagreeable noise is also a perfectly useless one. To suggest that because one breathes through the nose, therefore one must make an audible "sniff," seems to me rather foolish.—Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

SYDCOTE, WEST DULWICH, S.E.,
6th June 1891.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are kind enough to send me your *Magazine of Music*, for which accept my thanks. I have just been looking at the June number, and find an unfortunate blunder on page 116—in referring to Barnett's "Ancient Mariner."

When I say that Barnett was born in London, and his father was born in Bedford—his mother and grandmother Englishwomen—I fancy there is right in calling him an Englishman. Barnett was educated at the R.A.M.

I cannot understand how the writer can have gone astray; even the old John Barnett (uncle of the composer of the "Ancient Mariner") was born in Bedford.—Yours, etc.,

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

Miss Marian M'Kenzie.

MISS MARIAN M'KENZIE (observed the *Star* a little while ago) is an interesting and characteristic woman. To call her an intellectual woman would convey the blue-stocking idea, and she is no blue-stocking. She knows all about Shakespeare and the musical glasses, understands the differential calculus, is an ardent Ruskinitie, is minutely learned in French history and all that; she has wide knowledge and serious views. But she has a sense of fun and laughter that would never have let her become blue-stocking.

"I was brought up just like a boy, you see," she explained to an interviewer. "I did not go to school like most girls, but had a tutor, and was taught by him just like a boy being educated for the professions."

"Where was that?"—"In Plymouth. The Scotch people like me as a singer, because they think I'm Scotch, and the West of England people like me because they know I'm West of England. My father was Scotch, but I was born in Plymouth and brought up there by an aunt."

"Musically you are a product of the Royal Academy, are you not?"—"I studied there under Signor Randegger."

"With considerable distinction I believe?"—"Well, I got everything I could get there, and then I left. Randegger said it was no use my remaining there longer. But I have studied under him privately ever since, as well as under my sister-in-law, Miss Anna Williams, for oratorio singing."

"How does it happen that you have never gone in for opera, Miss M'Kenzie? You strike one as being a born dramatic singer?"—"Carl Rosa did offer me an engagement when I commenced my career, but I declined it. However—shall I tell you—it was an early error, and we never mention it now. I did make an experiment in light opera. It was in the 'Old Guard.' But at the end of the run of the piece I gave up light opera. The prima donna part was too colourless and trivial. You know I took the medal at the Academy for declamatory singing. I studied elocution, and my voice is of dramatic quality."

"Then why have you not found your way into grand opera?"—"I don't know, unless it is that there is nothing in grand opera for the poor contralto. Cold graves and dead children, that is all the contralto has to sing about, and you know I am a cheerful contralto, and I can't do it. You see there is a sympathetic quality with the contralto voice, and that is the way they all try to fit it; cold graves and dead children. It is too melancholy, and then the English voices have not the volume of the Italian voices for dramatic singing. I am better satisfied to sing oratorio and ballad music."

The New

"Nigger Minstrels."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AFRICAN CHOIR.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette."

"**N**IQUE" is the word. What, have we not had negro minstrels galore? Yes! The American negro and his music are familiar to us; but never before have we had a

South African choir to sing us their native songs, and show us in addition what the manly and independent Zulu, Fingo, Amoxosa, Basuto, Tembo, and Cape tribes are capable of after receiving the rudiments of a sound European education. Mr. Howell, the M.P., called my attention some days ago to the singular significance of the South African tribes spontaneously seeking education, and to this little band, just landed on our shores, who have, after rousing considerable attention in the Cape Colony, ventured across the sea to try and collect funds for the establishment in the heart of South Africa of a technical college for the education of their fellow-natives. Considerable curiosity was excited recently at the House of Commons on its being known that sixteen natives, representing seven African tribes, intended to pay a formal visit, with a view of listening to the debate! Baron de Worms, the Colonial Secretary, was in readiness to receive them, and the police had received mysterious instructions, but in vain. Mr. E. C. Howell, the M.P.'s brother, who was to have introduced them, was detained in the city (borrowing skins, African arms, etc., in fact, for their adornment on their first public appearance at the Portman Rooms, Thursday, the 18th).

By special appointment at the Mona Hotel, I was more fortunate than the Colonial Secretary. I was ushered in. I turned and beheld seated in a semicircle fifteen Africans—seven men and six girls, and two delightful little boys, "Crocodile" and "Mouse," black as black could be; but the men, splendid in physique, of gentle manners and charming address, and the girls—well, the Scripture words, "I am black but comely!" might have been fairly claimed by all of them; indeed, there was a charming modesty and conscious dignity about them that attracted and won immediate sympathy.

After a few words of impromptu welcome from me, to my surprise one of the young men rose.

"What is his name?" I asked. "Oh, quite an orator," whispered Mr. Howell. "You should hear him address a Kafir crowd in his own language."

"But his name?"—"Ximiwe."

So Ximiwe said in excellent English: "We have heard the kind words of welcome spoken to us, and if we are received everywhere in the same way we shall indeed be grateful and happy. We shall do our best to justify the kind words, and hope you will not be disappointed in us. This is not a time for making long speeches, but I wish to thank you in the name of all the others."

"He has a perfect command of English. They all speak English—many Dutch as well; and that girl (pointing to a bright, intelligent young lady, with less pronounced African features than some) speaks five languages."

"Is there any desire for European education generally diffused amongst the tribes?"—"A growing eagerness. You see they are beginning to find how the soil produces wealth through agricultural art; they want to compete in the civilised labour market. I assure you, at Lovedale College, in the heart of South Africa (accommodating 600 students), where several of them have been trained, hundreds are turned away for want of room. That young man yonder walked four hundred miles alone till he came to Lovedale, where he could be taught to read. Yonder is the son of a renowned chief—he himself fought bravely against us, but he does not wish to fight us now." Indeed, Mr. Letty told me, they are all enchanted with London, and cannot imagine why English people should ever leave such a wonderful place for Africa!

I gathered from Mr. Letty and Mr. Howell that the cause of the African choir had to be fought up in Kafirland and the Cape Colony generally. The strongest prejudices existed. These plucky Europeans, however, stuck to their guns—their natives, I should say. They saw what was being done at Lovedale College; they felt sure that the African tribes, properly handled, might be won, and become a source of strength and wealth not only to the colonists, but to the Africans themselves. So Mr. Howell and his brave allies determined to bring out a sample—and here they are.

"I can assure you," he said to me, "we have had our bitter trials. In some towns they would not hear our choir, or even lodge them. I and Mr. Letty have had to smuggle the girls into hotels under cover of the night. We have given up to them our own rooms, and walked the streets all night. In some places no hotelkeeper would lodge us at all, and we have had to trudge on houseless. But we have gradually overcome all prejudices. In the big towns like Kimberley and Capetown, we have had splendid receptions. His Excellency Sir H. B. Loch and Lady Loch were more than kind, and have given us the best recommendations. Our choir was heard with enthusiasm at Capetown, and I now want to prove to the English that her Majesty's subjects in South Africa are eager to become civilised Christians, and are capable of learning, and working, ay, and singing too, in such a manner as to win the respect and admiration of their white fellow-subjects."

"May I hear a specimen of their talent?"—"Certainly; only remember that they have hardly yet got over the voyage; this climate, too, has given the young ladies sore throats—our best soprano says her voice is still weak."—"I will introduce them," said I, "to Sir Morell Mackenzie, who attended the late German Emperor, and has frequently attended our own Royal Family, and whatever is the matter with their throats he will restore them immediately!"

This remark created the liveliest astonishment and satisfaction, and a murmur of admiring approval ran through the choir.

"What shall they begin with? Will you hear them chant the Lord's Prayer first?" They all stood up, and with hands clasped and eyes reverently turned upwards, I heard the Lord's Prayer given in slow measured four-part harmony with a pathos and awe which might well teach our congregations a lesson. Then followed a Kafir hymn, with the peculiar click on any very solemn words such as "the love of God"—creating a perfectly novel impression.

The Kafir marriage song, in the middle of which the bride covers her face with her pocket-handkerchief, and cries harmoniously to the deep and mellow bass voices of the men, was most quaint, and the wind-up, "Does anybody here know the big baboon?" was sung with great gusto, the little boys imitating the big baboon and other animals with native exactness and efficiency. Mr. Howell expressed to me an earnest wish that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to hear the African choir before they left these shores, and I recommended him to make known his wishes in the proper quarter. I believe the African choir are already in the hands of Mr. Vert, the enterprising concert-agent, who is not in the habit of letting a good thing slip through his fingers. One-third of the proceeds of all their performances is to be lodged in the keeping of trustees appointed by the committee for the establishment of an Educational and Technical School in Central South Africa for the native tribes.

Before parting, they all came up and shook hands with me, accepting at the same time an invitation to come and chant the Lord's Prayer in my church on the following Sunday night, and thus actually share a portion of the Church of England liturgy side by side with an Anglican choir. It has been said that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." With that solemn "Pater Noster" chant ringing in my ears, I could not help remembering words of even deeper import and diviner tenderness—surely I was in the presence of those "other sheep" that were "not of this fold," but whom nevertheless the Good Shepherd promised to call. At any rate they seem to have heard His voice saying unto them, "When ye pray, say Our Father."

H. R. HAWES.

Foreign Notes.

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M. BERTRAND, the new director of the Paris Opéra, is the forty-ninth holder of that position, the first having been the Abbé Perrin, who was appointed in 1669, pretty nearly three hundred years ago.

* * *

"LOHENGREN" is to be given in Paris at the Opéra, in September and October, with Mme. Caron as Elsa, Mme. Fierens as Ortrud, M. Van Dyck as Lohengrin, and M. Renaud as Telramund.

* * *

At the Vienna *Musik-und-Theater-Ausstellung*, next summer, there are to be Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert rooms. Many valuable exhibits are promised from England, France, and Italy, and even from the United States of America, showing that a widespread interest has been aroused on the subject of this exhibition.

* * *

A COMIC OPERA in one act, by Gluck, "Le Cadi dupé," composed in 1761, is to be performed in Paris this summer at the Château d'Eau.

* * *

M. THÉODORE RADOUX, director of the Liège Conservatoire, has published a life of Vieuxtemps, enriched with portraits, one at the age of seven. An intimate friend of Vieuxtemps, M. Radoux has been peculiarly happy in his treatment of the life and work of the great violinist.

* * *

THE Viennese Minister of Public Instruction has just acquired for that city a collection of valuable MSS. of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, containing musical works by old Italian composers.

* * *

THE Russian Imperial Society of Music at St. Petersburg gave a concert lately, in aid of the projected new Conservatorium. Rubinstein himself conducted the orchestra, and played the Concerto in G of Beethoven, besides several other pieces not on the programme, to the great delight of the audience, which was enthusiastic to a degree.

* * *

TSCHAIKOWSKY is said to be at work on a new opera, the subject of which is taken from the romance of Lermontoff, "A Hero of our own Time."

* * *

THE anniversary of the first representation of "Cavalleria rusticana" was lately celebrated at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome, when the young composer had quite an ovation accorded to him. This successful opera has now been given at nearly a hundred theatres in Italy and elsewhere. Mascagni has finished a new work, "Süsöl," of which the story somewhat resembles that of Eckmann Chatrian's "L'Ami Fritz," recounting, as it does, the "conversion" of a confirmed old bachelor. M. Sonzogno will probably produce this new work some time during next season, most likely in Rome.

* * *

VERDI is said to have bought a large piece of ground at Milan, on which an asylum for aged musicians is to be erected, somewhat on the lines of the building at Passy, for which Rossini left funds at his death.

* * *

THE death is announced, at Buda-Pesth, of the veteran tenor, Joseph Ellinger, of the National Theatre, at the age of seventy-one.

* * *

M. ALEXANDRE GUILMANT'S Organ and Orchestral Concerts at the Trocadéro have been a most interesting feature of the musical season in Paris. The orchestra was under the direction of M. Eduard Colonne, and among the soloists who took part in the concerts were Mme. Montégut-Montibert, Mmes. Fanny Lépine and Marcella Prégé, MM. Paul Viardot, Warmbrodt, etc.

THE hundredth anniversary of the birth of Meyerbeer is to be celebrated on the 23rd of September at the Paris Opéra, when it is hoped that Mesdames Pauline Viardot, Krauss, Marie Sasses, and MM. Faure, de Reszke, etc., will take part in the festival performances.

* * *

A NEW concert hall has been opened at Pesaro, the native town of Rossini, adjoining the Music School, for the erection of which he left a legacy. Two thousand persons can be accommodated in this hall. At its inauguration the celebrated chorus "Carità" was sung in honour of Rossini's memory.

* * *

IN consequence of the great success of the recently given popular quartet concerts at Vienna, it is proposed that a series of concerts of classical music should be given in that city, to popularise the symphonies, etc., of the great masters. The prices of admission are to be extremely moderate.

* * *

BOIELDIEU'S "Jean de Paris" has been revived at Dresden with great success. Scenery, decorations, and interpretation receive the highest praise.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Herald* has lately had an interview with Rubinstein, in which the latter gave his opinion of the music of Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz. "Their works," said he, "stand as obstacles in the way of the progress of music. . . . Let us take Wagner, if you will. In all his compositions Wagner has given the first place to the decorative element; music, properly so called, has only the second place. . . . I wish things were in the state in which they were before the advent of these three composers. I wish we could go back to the time when the masters in the world of music were Beethoven, Gluck, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann." The interviewer asked if he intended to go to America this summer? "I have not come to any decision on the subject; however, I shall reflect upon it. . . . My work here comes to an end in the month of June, then I shall go somewhere or other, perhaps to America." Asked if he would perform in public, if he did go, he said: "No, I shall never again play in public."

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THE death is announced, at the age of sixty-seven, of M. Eugène Ortolan, of Paris, a lawyer, a diplomatist, and a musician. He was the composer of symphonic pieces, songs, an oratorio, and one or two comic operas, etc.

* * *

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has given a new music hall to the city of New York. This building, which was opened on the 5th of May, is said to have cost 1,000,000 dollars. The great hall is seated for four thousand people, and there are also a number of smaller rooms for chamber concerts, banquets, etc. The first performance comprised the Old Hundred, the National Hymn, the "Leonora" overture, No. 3, "Marche Solennelle" of Tschaikowsky, conducted by the composer, and Berlioz's "Te Deum" (first time in New York).

* * *

M. JEAN MOULIÉRAT, the well-known tenor of the Paris Opéra Comique, has received the *Médaille d'honneur de la première classe* for his courage and devotion on the occasion of the burning of that theatre in 1887. He was among the last on the stage, attempting to control the panic among the audience. Years before he had given proof of his heroism, having jumped into the Seine and saved a woman from drowning.

* * *

THE Royal Museum of Musical Instruments at Berlin has just been enriched by a gift from the Baroness van Korff, the daughter of Meyerbeer, consisting of a number of objects which formerly belonged to her father. A fine portrait of this distinguished composer at the age of seven, and his "travelling piano," made for him by Pleyel, are among these treasures.

Le Ménestrel announces the death, at Toulouse, on the 23rd of May, of M. Leybach, whose pianoforte works are so well known. Ignace Xavier Joseph Leybach was born in 1817. He studied harmony under Hoerter, organ under Wachenthaler, and piano under Pixis, Kalkbrenner, and Chopin. In 1844 he settled at Toulouse, where he has lived ever since, and where his loss will be severely felt. His compositions, numbering about 250, consist of pianoforte works, songs, motets, etc., besides a number of organ compositions which appeared in a publication called *L'Organiste Pratique*. He was also the author of a *Theoretical and Practical Method for the Harmonium*, which has been translated into four languages.

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AN opera company, consisting of fifty artistes, all negroes, is announced to give performances in Hamburg, Berlin, and other German towns.

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A NEW theatre is to be erected in Athens, after the model of the Paris Comédie Française. The King has set a going a public subscription in aid of this object, and already a large sum has been promised.

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THE *Gazette de Lausanne* welcomes the appearance of a new Swiss composer, M. G. Doret, whose cantata, "Voix de la Patrie," was performed lately at the inauguration of the new university of Lausanne. The cantata is highly praised, and the rendering by Mme. Uzielli and MM. Friedländer, Romier, and Troyon seems to have been admirable.

* * *

Accidentals.

—:o:—

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT opened at Melbourne with "La Dame aux Camélias." There was an enormous house. At the end of the third act the audience rose and sang the "Marseillaise."

* * *

A PRETTY eighteen-year-old Swedish girl arrived recently at the Barge Office, New York. When asked her name by the registry clerk she said it was Jenny Lind. She added that she was a niece of the famous singer. Jenny was going to Philadelphia, where she has relatives. The pretty young immigrant said that she could not sing quite so well as the famous Swedish nightingale.

* * *

THE authorities of Oxford University have at last abolished the ridiculous compulsory performance of the degree "exercise," an anomaly to which I have more than once directed attention. London is now the only University where the public audition is obligatory. The Oxford authorities have, however, increased the fee to be paid on taking the decree of Mus. Doc. from £10 to £25. As the University possesses an income of only £65,000 per annum, the extra £15 from the poor Mus. Docs. will, doubtless, come in handy.

* * *

In his moments of leisure—when does he find such moments?—Mr. Harris is engaged in writing the libretto of a new serious grand opera, based on Scott's "Kenilworth," and set to music by Mr. Massenet. It is hoped it will be ready for Covent Garden next season, and that Amy Robart will be chosen by the impresario.

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AN operatic impresario, like a sailor, is a great deal at the mercy of the elements. The late Carl Rosa used to declare that in the early spring he was persistently followed by the London fog. Mr. Harris

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this year has lost some hundreds and perhaps thousands of stall-guineas by the influenza, despite the fact that he purchased a gross of comforting assurances and posted them about the theatre, "This door must be kept closed." And the most exasperating feature of the epidemic, from the operatic point of view, lies in the fact that not a single highly-paid artist who could be spared has had a trace of it.

* * *

THE municipality of Madrid sometimes relieves its more serious duties by paying graceful compliments to eminent artists. At the close of a concert recently given by Mrs. Berthe Marx and Mr. Sarasate, the city fathers presented the lady with a crown of flowers, and the gentleman with a crown of silver, as well as a gold bow bearing a suitable inscription. The concert seems to have been a very brilliant success.

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MADAME PATTI was in her very best voice and in the highest spirits when singing for Mr. Kuhe at the Albert Hall. She was announced for three songs, and, with her usual good nature, sang six, finishing up the evening at the opera, where, with her husband, she occupied Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's box. The pianist, M. Paderevski, who, at the Albert Hall, had given a splendid performance of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" with orchestra, was "skied" in a top box at the opera.

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THIS concert is the only occasion on which Madame Patti is likely to sing in London for the ridiculously small fee of £700 per diem. The great artist had been compelled to disappoint Mr. Kuhe last year, and although, of course, not legally bound to do so, she made it up to him this year. At the Albert Hall, on the 20th ult., Messrs. Harrison had to pay her £800, Mr. Kuhe likewise saved the seventy-guinea fee of Mr. Lloyd, who, although he had appeared at rehearsal, had taken cold, and like a good artist, preferred not to sing in public, save at his best.

* * *

MESSRS. PATERSON & SONS, of Edinburgh, announce a further series of six orchestral concerts next season under the direction of Mr. Manns. The band is to be increased to eighty performers, and it is to be hoped that local amateurs will give substantial support to such a spirited undertaking.

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By the way, in regard to "The Light of Asia," Mr. Beattie Kingston, the librettist, has had to pay the modest figure of £25 for the privilege of using ninety lines of the poetic masterpiece of his journalistic chief. It was hard lines on Goldsmith and Chatterton that they did not live in this golden era for poets.

* * *

IT is scarcely credible, but, according to the Milanese journals, the subscriptions toward the proposed memorial of Bottesini only amount to a few hundred francs, while the instrument on which the celebrated virtuoso played is offered for sale. Here are further proofs of the decadence of musical feeling in the country which for a long period was rightly regarded as the centre of activity as regards the art.

* * *

A NEW Wagner encyclopaedia has been issued at Bayreuth from the pen of Mr. Glasenapp, a gentleman whose name was once unfortunately misprinted as Glassoschnapps. The encyclopaedia in question contains excerpts from Wagner's writings of a large number of passages dealing with various personages and events. The book fills two volumes, and is indexed for reference. Perhaps, some day, an English version will be procurable for those who cannot read the original German.

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THE hope with which Richard Wagner regarded Paris before the rejection of his "Tannhäuser" in 1861, finds striking expression in a letter to Champfleury, the autograph of which was recently sold at auction: "As you know, it has always been my in-

tention to build in Paris an international theatre, where the grand creations of the different peoples might be produced in the original languages. France alone, in my opinion, and Paris in particular, is able to unite the apparently heterogeneous products, the exact knowledge of which is necessary to the intellectual and moral development of a people. Among the French pieces which would be presented on this stage, independent as it would be of contemporary events, would be first and foremost those by Méhul. I count him as one of my teachers."

* * *

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. F. B. Jewson, for many years one of the most esteemed professors of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, which took place on Friday last week. Mr. Jewson retired in 1889, in his sixty-sixth year, after nearly half a century of active work at the institution in which he obtained his musical education. He was a fairly prolific composer, but his music has failed to survive him.

* * *

THE Middlesbrough Musical Union also expresses its satisfaction at the substantial advance made by the Association during its last season. Curiously enough, a classical chamber concert, with Herr Stavenhagen and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, proved far more successful than a performance of "The Golden Legend."

* * *

THE centenary of Mozart's death will be celebrated at Salzburg, the composer's birthplace, on July 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th. On the first-named day there will be an imposing performance of the "Requiem" in the cathedral, the solos being taken by artists from the Vienna Opera. The remainder of the musical portion of the programme includes two concerts and a special representation at the theatre.

* * *

ABOUT £2400 has been raised towards the Kent scholarship of the Royal College of Music, and Earl Stanhope, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, has summoned a meeting to be held at Maidstone for the purpose of raising the necessary balance of £600.

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PERHAPS the most comical suggestion received by any operatic impresario is that Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" should be mounted on the stage at once, in order to strike the iron while it is hot, or in other words while the Calderon controversy is in full progress. Mr. Augustus Harris's chief difficulty lies, as I understand, in the choice of a prima donna.

* * *

DR. EISMANN, a German gentleman, has invented a piano without hammers or piano action, and Mr. Hope Jones, of Birkenhead, is likewise engaged upon the development of an invention by which the organ can be played without pipes, sound-boards, or bellows. In both instances electricity is the motive power, and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine, now that this mighty force has been brought to the assistance of the most gentle of the arts, where we shall stop. It is likely that Dr. Eismann's piano will prove to be the most important of these inventions, for the pianoforte is the instrument of the household, and a piano in which the sound can be prolonged indefinitely, and, by a mere switch worked by a knee-swell or pedal, can be made as soft as an ordinary piano with the soft pedal down and as loud as a pipe-organ, promises to be a novel feature in musical life.

* * *

MR. EDISON, the veteran electrician, has an even more surprising wonder for the Chicago Exhibition of next year. Not only will he, by means of telephones, be able to turn on an operatic performance to any drawing-room, but also, by some novel electrical arrangement which the human mind can hardly grasp, he promises to show upon a white sheet the actual performance in progress, including the colours of the scenery and dresses, and even the action of the muscles on the faces of the individual performers.

THE kinetograph invented by Mr. Edison will be one of the wonders of the Chicago Exhibition, although it is not likely to come into practical use so far as music is concerned. By a series of photographs taken at the rate of forty-six per second, and developed upon a screen at the same rate, it has been found possible to reproduce the actions of a boy bowing, taking off his hat, and replacing it on his head. Between this and the performance of even a single act of an opera there is, however, a wide difference. Mr. Edison proposes, it is true, to enlarge his machine so that he can take a number of photographs sufficient to last about thirty minutes,—that is to say, to record a short act of an opera. When it is done, its use is not at present quite clear, except that future generations may be able to understand the actual state of musical performances as it now exists in this century.

* * *

THE announcement that Jean Gerardy will retire from public life during the summer, and will spend the time in studying under Herr Belmann at Spa, will cause the admirers of this genuine little prodigy to rejoice. We have, in fact, had quite enough of Goltermann's Concerto in A minor, Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," and the Popper show-pieces, so that little Gerardy must increase his repertory—particularly in the direction of better solos, and in concerted works for the chamber.

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THE *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* states that a hitherto unknown choral composition of Gluck is shortly to be published. The words are by a Florentine poet, and it was written at the request of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1767.

* * *

THE death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, of George Hart will be regretted by lovers of the violin. Hart studied his business under his father, and his art at the Royal Academy of Music in its palmy days, under Sir George Macfarren and Sainton. He was a capital judge of old violins, was a skilful violin-maker, and was the author of the volume on "The Violin: its Makers and its Imitators," which has been issued in French and in English, and is acknowledged to be the authority on the subject.

* * *

THE Liverpool Philharmonic Society have now settled their principal choral novelties for the forthcoming season. One date is left open, and the suggestion has been made by an eminent authority that the committee would do well to go to Birmingham, and see whether one of the novelties produced there is not worthy to be given at Liverpool, where new works are, so far as the Philharmonic are concerned, more or less at a premium. The authorities have, however, resolved to give Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," which was mentioned last season, but was not performed. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion Music are likewise in the scheme.

* * *

WE regret to learn that Herr Friedrichs, the excellent exponent of the character of Beckmesser at the Bayreuth performances of "Die Meistersinger," has become insane, and is confined in the lunatic asylum in that place at the cost of Frau Wagner.

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THE demand for seats at the forthcoming series of performances at Bayreuth far exceeds that of any previous year, and the tickets for several of the representations are already exhausted. Messrs. Chappell & Co. have disposed of 2500 places.

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THE triennial festival in Peterborough Cathedral—still a one-day celebration—was held on Wednesday, 10th June. The morning programme consisted of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Schubert's Symphony in B minor, and Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and in the evening Gounod's "Redemption" was performed. The principal singers were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Marian M'Kenzie, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and Mr. Brereton. The orchestra and chorus numbered nearly four hundred performers. The conductor was Dr. Haydn Keeton, organist of Peterborough Cathedral.

The Term's Music at Oxford.

THE term opened, musically, on 28th April, when a successful "Scottish Concert" was given under the auspices of the Caledonian Society, but the concert produced no features of special note.

The Cowley S. John Vocal Society (conductor, Rev. W. J. Wyon) held a concert on 12th May, when Haydn's "Spring" and "Summer" and C. H. Lloyd's "Hero and Leander" (under the baton of the composer) were very creditably rendered by a band and chorus of 120. The solo parts were efficiently performed by Miss Violet Liddell, Rev. A. H. S. Patrick, and Mr. H. Sunman.

The same evening saw the Town Hall crowded by a distinguished company to listen to a "mythological opera" entitled "The Golden Apple," by Frank Sylvester and A. M. Willis. Both acting and singing were alike excellent; the work is very smartly written, and some of the topical songs are extremely clever.

One of the finest concerts given in Oxford for many years took place in the Sheldonian, on 16th May, when the Orchestral Association under Dr. Lloyd gave their summer concert. The programme opened with Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture. Mr. James Taylor played the solo part of Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor in a masterly manner, and he was well backed up by the orchestra. The gem of the concert undoubtedly was Mozart's "Romance" (for strings) from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." A most enjoyable programme closed with Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. The vocalists were Miss Lucy F. Higgs and Mr. W. Alison Phillips, the former of whom contributed Grieg's "Autumn Storms" and Parry's "Angel Hosts," the latter Loewe's "Archibald Douglas."

The College concerts have been so numerous that a detailed notice of all would take up more space than we can command. Exeter was below the general average of excellence. The palm must certainly be given to Queen's, who originated the now common College concerts in 1871, since which time the "Eglesfield" Society has performed numerous standard works, including Mendelssohn's "Oedipus in Colonus," "Antigone," "Walpurgis Night," Gade's "Crusaders," Macfarren's "May Day," "Ajax," "Outward Bound," etc. etc. On the present occasion the Rev. Dr. Mee had composed expressly for the concert a ballad (founded on Macaulay's poem), "Horatius," and conducted his own work. The Society (band and chorus of about 90) are to be congratulated on their excellent performance of a spirited and musically work. At Worcester, Stanford's "Oedipus Rex" was fairly rendered. Merton was somewhat uninteresting; as was also Pembroke, where Alice M. Smith's "Song of the Little Baltung" was given. Jesus concert was noticeable for the exceptionally fine quality of the male voice singing. Of the Balliol Sunday evening concerts, perhaps the best was given on 7th June, when Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Plunkett Greene, and another "infant prodigy" in the person of Miss Elsie Hall, were the chief performers.

The greatest event of the term was of course the performance of the "Golden Legend" in the Sheldonian, on 15th June. The band and chorus numbered 350, the soloists were Mrs. Clara Leighton, Miss Mary Tunnicliffe, Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Mr. Watkin Mills, and Dr. Varley Roberts conducted, Mr. F. C. Woods (Exeter College) presiding at the organ. Mrs. Clara Leighton sang the music allotted to Elsie in really magnificent style. Miss Tunnicliffe possesses a rich voice, which she uses to good effect. Mr. Hirwen Jones sang well, though in parts he seemed to be rather overweighted by the orchestra. Mr. Watkin Mills is so well known in the role of Lucifer, that it suffices to say that he was as good as ever. The chorus sang well throughout, with the exception of two misleads by the sopranos. The bass and contralto voices were fine, the tenors a

little weak, while the addition of a few young, fresh voices would improve the sopranos. The orchestra of 50 (leader Mr. A. Burnett) was excellent.

Opera in New York.

GOING BEHIND THE RETURNS.

R. EDMUND C. STANTON recently issued his annual official statement. This is a copy of the document:

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK LIMITED,
NEW YORK, May 20, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Inclosed herewith you have balance-sheet of the Company and statement showing the results for the year. Your receipts from the opera were not as large as the previous season, and as there was also a falling off of some \$20,000 in the amount received from the rentals of the Opera House as compared with the previous year, the result shows a deficit for the season of \$54,419.51, provided the amount due from stockholders is paid.

The floating debt of the Company now amounts to \$84,044.48. Of this sum \$25,216 has arisen from the non-payment by box-holders of their assessments. An additional amount of unpaid assessments, amounting to \$21,112, has been cancelled by the acquisition by the Company of boxes 50 and 60, reducing the number of stockholders from seventy to sixty-eight. Since 1888 all amounts paid for new scenery, costumes, music, and improvements (\$63,182.81) have been charged to current expenses. By order of the Board of Directors.

EDMUND C. STANTON, Secretary.

The balance-sheet that accompanies the statement shows that the receipts from the opera during the season were \$206,220.75, and that the assessments on the stockholders amounted to \$119,500. The rentals footed up \$44,942.

The cost of the opera performances was \$340,310.88, and that of the scenery and costumes \$29,047.26. There was an unpaid balance from the season of 1889-90 of \$5,528.30, which made the total cost of the opera for the year \$374,906.22. Other expenses, including fuel, salaries, and repairs, and improvements to the building, amounted to \$137,021. The total expenditures for the year were \$511,926.35. This shows a deficit of \$54,419.51.

The floating debt is \$84,044.48, and its payment would necessitate an assessment of about \$15,000 upon each stockholder in addition to the present annual assessment of \$3000. At present there is outstanding a mortgage of \$600,000, and bonds to the amount of \$200,000. Despite this there will probably be a new issue of bonds.

Scenery and costumes are charged to current expenses, and a great percentage of this outlay should be charged to stock; but as it is charged to current expenses it brings the cost of the opera performances to \$340,310.88. The receipts amounted to \$206,220.75, leaving \$134,090.13 to be paid by box-holders.

There are seventy box-holders, and each box contains six chairs, making 420 seats, and for fifty performances this makes 21,000 of the choicest seats which could be sold out on each and every Wagner performance.

Twenty-one thousand seats for \$134,000 is less than \$6.50 per performance, and that is the cheapest entertainment these people can possibly secure, particularly when it is considered that they make of the opera nights social receptions and events that would be much more costly, and not by any means as attractive without the opera adjunct.

There are many people who would be willing to pay \$6.50 a seat for performances in an eligible location, particularly for Wagner operas, and the price would be much less than \$6.50, for the sum to be paid by box-holders would not have been \$134,000 had these very box-holders not insisted upon the trial of such operatic abortions as the "Vassal," "Asrael," and "Diana."

We venture to say that had the whole of the past season been devoted to Wagner operas, there would have been absolutely no deficit as far as the expense of the German Opera *per se* is concerned. It must not be forgotten that the enterprise known as the Metropolitan Opera House is distinct and separate from the German Opera season.—*Musical Courier*.

Belfast Philharmonic Society.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

THE Belfast Philharmonic Society send us the following conditions for their Prize Competitions:

The Committee of the Belfast Philharmonic Society offer a prize of £10 for the best composition—adjudged according to the conditions hereafter explained—in each of the four following classes:

CLASS 1.—Best unaccompanied chorus or madrigal, in 6 or 8 voice parts.

CLASS 2.—Best four-part composition for mixed voices and organ accompaniment.

CLASS 3.—Best chorus or part-song, with orchestral accompaniment.

CLASS 4.—Best composition for string orchestra.

All compositions must be signed with a motto or pseudonym, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the assumed signature and real name and address, which will not be opened until after a decision has been made.

The latest date for receiving compositions will be Wednesday, 29th July 1891. The compositions will be first submitted to the Committee of the Belfast Philharmonic Society, who will, with such assistance of non-members of Committee as they may deem necessary, make a preliminary selection of a number not exceeding four of each class of composition for which a prize is offered. This selection will be printed or copied, rehearsed, and performed at two concerts to be held in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on Thursday and Friday, 1st and 2nd October 1891.

At these concerts two complete classes will be performed on each night, and each composition will be distinguished by a number. These numbers will be balloted for at the close of each performance, and the composition securing the highest number of votes in each class will be adjudged the winner. The counting of the votes will be made by a Sub-Committee of the Society selected for that purpose, and will be overseen by the Mayor of Belfast. There will be no appeal from the final decision.

The prize compositions and those selected for performance will become the exclusive property of the Belfast Philharmonic Society.

Competitors are requested to take note of the following suggestions:

CLASS 1.—Should be written for a choir of about 300 voices. There will be no restriction as to style, but preference will be given to those compositions after the model of the great English madrigal composers. The time for performance should not exceed six minutes.

CLASS 2.—A greater latitude is allowed here. Solo voices may be introduced; and preference will be given to compositions illustrating an incident, or of a dramatic character. The time allowed for performance is limited to ten minutes.

CLASS 3.—The same remarks apply here as for Class 2; but the orchestral part must not be too difficult, or require any extra instruments beyond those required in an ordinary string orchestra. The time for performance must not exceed ten minutes.

CLASS 4.—Preference will be given here to compositions producing the greatest effects with the simplest methods. The most prominent part should be given to the strings, and the wind should not go beyond, say, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets and drums. Time for performance must not exceed eight minutes.

Any further particulars can be obtained by applying to

H. S. M'CLINTOCK, *Hon.*
C. H. BRETT, *Ses.*
Office of the Belfast Philharmonic
Society, Belfast.

Any one competing for the prizes will be considered as assenting to all the above conditions.

Musical Tales.

By K. STANWAY.

No. VI.—THE HOUSES THAT TIME BUILT.

PART I.—SIMPLE TIME.

ONCE, a long while ago, Father Time found his forelock growing so fast, that he sent for the nearest hairdresser to come and trim it; for rude people with strict ideas about punctuality began to take such savage pulls at this forelock (which by the way was an elegant curl on the top of the patriarch's head), that it was becoming quite thin in consequence.

When the perruquier had done his work, been paid, and departed, Old Time took up his hour-glass, and found that the sand was running out; also he made another discovery, that his scythe was very blunt; so he decided to send them to be put in thorough repair. Then a difficulty arose; Time was quite unable to stand still, and equally unable to do his work without his tools, and as these could not be used at present, he was in an awkward predicament. His old friend "Tide," hearing of his trouble, suggested that he should amuse himself by building a house, until he could resume the pedestrian exercise that was his proper vocation.

Time pondered gravely over the suggestion, and devoured a moss-grown sun-dial and a couple of clocks to keep up his strength. "I will build a house," he cried, "and give it to that lovely young Art the gentle 'Music,' who will, I know, appreciate it."

But how to do it was a puzzle, and he sat down and thought the matter over. Presently he looked up and saw a metronome (1), and a happy thought occurred to him. "Look here," he said, "you are always counting, just come and tell me what sort of a house will suit the Lady Music's people best."

Metronome rang his bell quickly, which was his way of making a bow.

"One house won't hold everybody, and it's very difficult to explain what is really necessary; don't think you can do it; better stick to the reaping line of business; building is a dangerous speculation, especially for an old man like you."

But Time had made up his mind to build a house, a whole terrace of houses if necessary, and would not be daunted.

"Who invented *you*," he asked suddenly, "if no house of Time is needed for the people you serve to live in?"

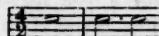
"Oh, the people are all right," answered the Metronome carelessly; "they are all properly organised and know their business."

"But it is hard upon them to have no homes of their own, and, besides, it would help their friends to find them out so much easier if they had good roofs over their heads, and doors with their names painted on."

"Very well, old gentleman, I suppose you are right. First, then, let us accommodate the members of the 'Quadruple' (2) family, whose surname is Four, and of which great house King Semibreve is the head."

So Time erected a square house with each storey adapted for one kind of notability. Thus on the ground floor on each side of the large court-yard inside of the building were four magnificent rooms occupied by some grandees of ancient lineage called Minim (3) distinguished by their beautiful white hair and stately movements. On the floor above lived some *crochety* (4) people, who were intensely jealous of their wealthier neighbours, and sometimes so far forgot good manners as to dance about overhead on purpose to disturb their "rests." Above these underbred folks lived an intensely nervous family who were in a perpetual quaver (5) about imaginary troubles; over these resided other and less significant people, who were scarcely in society at all (6). The notes all had to submit to stringent laws, and one of which was that strong bars (3) were placed at each

corner of the house, this being a precautionary measure Time took to prevent accidents, and upon these bars was painted in large black letters the names of the people living in each flat or storey. They all had the same surname, "Four," but their Christian names varied according to their rank. The minims were the most important, as two of them equalled King Semibreve (4) (P, P, P), and showed it thus in their signature $\frac{1}{2}$ to denote that two minims were as rich and powerful as the king himself—



The crochets had two names, one a curious-shaped C, of which they were awfully proud; and the other, $\frac{1}{4}$, to show that four of them were equal to the king—



The timorous quaver's signature is $\frac{1}{8}$, to show that it takes eight of them to raise as much power and money as their king—



"Very pretty," said the Metronome, surveying the mansion of the "Four" potentate, "but we have republics in the musical world as well as a monarchy, and the 'Three' tribe and the 'Two' family are still houseless. Shan't you do anything for them?"

"Um—ah—well—e'er?"

"Don't know how, eh, Mr. Time? Well, I'll show you, for your work is good, and no one but *yourself* can destroy it; but, come, tell me, did you ever see a triangle?"

"Yes, it's a three-cornered thing that jingles when you strike it."

"Well just take that for your ground plan, and make a house for a council of three (5) to rule over, a big exercise ground in the centre, and bars at every corner; rooms half the size as you get higher, just as you did in the 'Four' mansion, but here the surname is *Three*. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think so. Three minims (6) on the ground floor, three crochets (7) on the first floor, three quavers (8) next, and so on;—but how about their signature. If they have no king, how can they know who and what they equal?"

"Clever old boy," said the Metronome, ticking violently to express his admiration of the old man's sharpness. "True, they have no king, but all the notes owe a certain allegiance to the good old 'Semibreve,' and show it in their names. The minims do not make this quite so clear in the 'Three' tribe as

their signature stands $\frac{1}{2}$ which means three *half-parts* of a semibreve, but the crochets show it very distinctly, $\frac{1}{4}$ for any one can understand that three-fourths of a thing is three quarters. For instance, we will look upon the king for a moment as an orange, and each crotchet as a quarter of him; if you take three quarters or *fourth* parts of the orange there is one quarter left, so $\frac{1}{2}$ time means three quarters of a semibreve. Quavers being of only half the value of crochets are consequently but *eighth* parts of a semibreve, and their signature in the 'Three' tribe is $\frac{1}{8}$."



As they stood admiring this second house in silence, it occurred to them both that the "Two" (6) people were still houseless, so Time set to work and built them the cosiest little villa, just half as big as the great house of Quadruple Time, and here everything was in pairs. All the arrangements were the same as in the big house, only on half the scale.

Two minims on the ground floor $\frac{1}{2}$

Two-four for the crochets $\frac{1}{4}$ Two-

eight for the quavers $\frac{1}{8}$ and if you don't

think the Duple (5) family fared well, all I have to say is you had better build them another house on your own plan.

K. S.

PRIZE COMPETITION.*

A Prize of 5s. is offered for the best answers from a competitor under twenty-one years of age.

Prizes of 3s. 6d. and 2s. are offered for the best answers from competitors under sixteen years of age.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED ON PART I. OF "THE HOUSES THAT TIME BUILT."

I. Metronome.

Explain the use of a metronome, and say by whom it was invented.

II. Quadruple Time.

Is this the most important kind of time? Write a list of all simple quadruple time signatures, and give an example of each.

What is meant by "time signature"?

III. Bars.

What are the "bars" referred to here?

IV. "King Semibreve."

Why is the semibreve called the king of the other notes?

V. Triple Time.

Why should the house of triple time be presided over by a "council of three"?

Give examples of simple triple time in minims, crochets, and quavers.

VI. Duple Time.

What do you mean by simple duple time?

Write two bars of each of the following, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, one bar in notes, and one in rests, of each sort.

CONDITIONS.

1. The foregoing questions to be answered as clearly as possible, each to be numbered in proper order.

2. The competition papers must be sent on or before Saturday, July 18, to competition Editor, Magazine of Music Office, 29 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

3. The answers must be written legibly on *one* side of the paper only, and be accompanied by a certificate, as follows, from the teacher or parent of candidate.

4. Answers must not be copied from a book, but must be written from memory only.

CERTIFICATE.

"I certify that this paper is the sole work of and was done in my presence from memory, and without the aid of any notes or book of any sort, by [competitor's full name here to be inserted], and that his or her age is correctly stated."

Names of successful candidates will appear in our August Number.

RESULT OF COMPETITION ON "THAT DOMINANT."

First Prize of 5s. to

Jean M. Robertson, age 20, Bank Glen House, New Cumnock, N.B.

Honourable mention:—Elizabeth Knight, age 19; Ivah T. Wing, age 20; Frances M. Milligan, age 19; Mary Ethel Murray, age 20.

Second Class.

First Prize of 3s. 6d. to

Janet M'Intosh Neill, age 14, 42A Castle Street, Forfar, N.B.

Second Prize of 2s. to

Nellie Eldridge, age 13, 309 Stratford Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

Honourable mention:—Edith Edge.

* The Magazine of Music Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor, price 5s., is the text-book that should be used by competitors.

Music in Bristol.

THE musical season in Bristol was practically brought to a close on May 27 with the concert of the Bristol Choral Society, for which they had been so diligently preparing for some months past. Prior to this event, however, there were one or two gatherings which deserve mention. The first of these in order of date was the "Ladies' Night," given by the Redland Orchestral Society, on the 20th of May, when a popular programme was most creditably performed under the direction of Mr. E. P. Cockram, several of our favourite local singers kindly contributing their help, and giving great pleasure.

On the next evening a very successful concert was given at the Alexandra Hall in aid of the Rio Pongo Mission, all the performers being local musicians. The vocalists were Miss F. Cromey, Mme. R. Bailey, and Mr. Montague Woldock, and the instrumentalists, Mr. T. Carrington (violin), Mr. E. Pavey (violincello), and Mr. H. Fulford (pianoforte). Four members of the Orpheus Glee Society also contributed several vocal quartets, which were heartily applauded.

On May 23, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Liebich gave a very interesting musical soiree at the Victoria Rooms before a large audience. One of the chief features of the evening was Mr. Liebich's performance of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, Mr. Rudolf Liebich supplying the band parts upon a second piano. Mr. Liebich displayed his unusually reliable memory by playing without book throughout the evening. He chose several very exacting solos from the works of Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt, which gave him every opportunity of exhibiting his undoubted powers as a pianist. Schumann's Andante and Variations and Saint-Saëns' Scherzo, both duets for two pianos, were performed by Mr. and Mrs. Liebich. Miss Mill Colman was the vocalist, and she certainly made a most happy choice of songs. Mr. Rudolf Liebich contributed two pianoforte solos, and Mrs. R. Liebich greatly added to the pleasure of the evening by singing a couple of Norwegian songs.

The audience which assembled in Colston Hall on May 27 to listen to the Bristol Choral Society lacked nothing in appreciation, but empty seats were more frequent than could have been desired. No fault, unless it were of length, could be found with the programme, comprising, as it did, Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," Dr. Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," and Mendelssohn's "Lorelei." Unfortunately, there was the damping announcement to be made of the unavoidable absence of the soprano soloist, Miss Anna Williams, through an attack of influenza, but the audience took their disappointment very good-humouredly, and prepared to listen with pleasure to one of our local singers, Miss Florence Cromey, who, at about twenty-four hours' notice, supplied the soprano music with great credit to herself and her teacher, Mr. George Riseley. The choir numbered upwards of 400, and the band about 50. The "Ancient Mariner" was given with great spirit, intelligence, and ease throughout, the choir appearing thoroughly at home with their work, and almost able to sing it without their books. The lights and shades were well defined, the attack firm, the finish crisp, and the phrasing clear. The tenors were perhaps rather weak, and the basses occasionally a little too heavy, but, on the whole, the balance was good. Miss Aldersley, a member of the choir, sang the contralto solo, "O sleep, it is a gentle thing," and took part in the quartets, and the tenor music was well placed in the hands of Mr. Harper Kearton. A very marked success was won by Mr. Watkin Mills, whose characteristic and musically rendering of the part of the Mariner was one of the great treats of the concert. He may possibly have been heard in better voice, but never in better style. Dr. Parry's work received very vigorous treatment, and a little more delicacy here and there would have been an improvement. It undoubtedly created a very favourable impression, which we are confident that many subsequent hearings would only tend to deepen. Mendelssohn's "Lorelei" had many excellent points

in its performance, but two or three of the starts were weak, the culprits being palpably the ladies; and though the choir were evidently familiar with the music, it did not seem quite so spontaneous a performance as that of the other works. Miss Cromey discharged her duties as soprano soloist in a praiseworthy manner, and the Society deserves credit for so excellent a concert. The tone of the choir was remarkably good, the brilliancy of the soprano voices being especially worthy of mention. Mr. George Riseley was, as usual, a most inspiring and efficient conductor. The band was led by Mr. T. Carrington.

Miss Mary Lock's last popular chamber concert for the season took place at the Victoria Rooms on May 30. The room was well filled, and the programme was admirable, including Schumann's Quintet in E flat for piano and strings, Mozart's Quartet in C for strings, and Spohr's Violin Concerto, No. 8, which last was effectively played by Mr. T. Carrington. Mendelssohn's Variations Concertantes for piano and 'cello were much appreciated, and Miss Lock again proved herself an artistic pianist. The executants were the same as usual, with the addition of Mr. Bernard as second violin and Miss Alice Davies as vocalist. The concerts will be resumed in October.

We were favoured with a visit from M. Paderewski on the 10th ult., who certainly cannot complain of any lack of cordiality in his reception. The audience was both large and enthusiastic, and the gifted pianist was forced to return again and again to acknowledge the applause, once responding with an encore. The programme embraced Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, arranged for piano; Beethoven's "Appassionate" Sonata; Schumann's "Études Symphoniques"; three selections from Chopin, one being the great A flat Polonaise; one of Liszt's Rhapsodies Hongroises; and two of M. Paderewski's own compositions, one being the favourite Menuet. As a matter of course, the whole programme was played without book.

Mr. George Riseley has given organ recitals from time to time at the Colston Hall.

Leicester Musical Notes.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

AT the Royal Opera House, during the summer vacation, a season of Grand Promenade Concerts, à la Julian, will be given, under the direction of Messrs. Henry Nicholson and John Gregory, who have engaged a powerful combination of musical talent of the highest order, who will appear during the short season. Arrangements have not altogether been completed, but the following artistes have already been engaged:—Mr. Sydney Tower, Miss Amy Rees, and Miss Hettie Lund, of the "La Cigale" Opera Company; Mr. Mathew Brodie, Master Denman Groome, the Meister Glee Singers, Messrs. Sexton, Hast, Farington, and Norcross. The Royal Opera House Band will be strongly augmented, and conducted by Mr. Henry Nicholson and Mr. John Gregory. A raised orchestra will occupy the centre of the stage, around which a spacious promenade will extend, beautifully decorated with shrubs, flowers, and elegant carpet-garden display. The great courtyard will be artistically arranged as a fernery, interspersed with miniature waterfalls and fountains, a buffet will be attached, the whole forming a delightfully cool lounge for a summer evening.

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THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

8,204. Improvements in or applicable to sheet music-books, and the like, with the

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 9,172. Improvements in music stands. Carlo Scotti, 1 Colville Square, Bayswater, London. June 1st.
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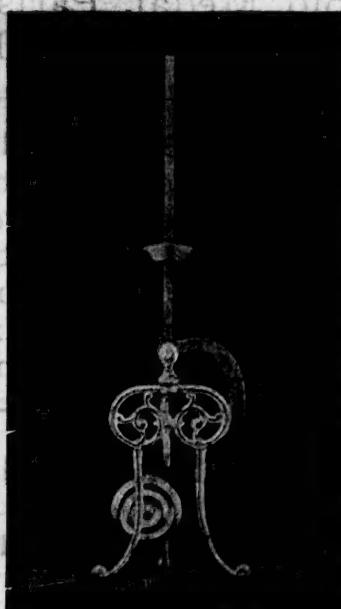
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The light of morn was on our faces,
When Love and I went up the hill."

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THE Brooklet and the Maid.

SOPRANS SONG.

Music by E. ROGER.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

Words by HENRY KNIGHT.

Music by FERRIS TOZER.

Quances Allemandes by FR. SCHUBERT.

OP. 33.



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SOPRANS SONG.

German Words by
THERESE BECKER.

From "The Century" July 1887. W. A. Ketcham.

Music by
E. ROGER.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

A
Von

Brook - let and a pret - ty maid, o'er mos - sy stones went tripping, Went
Stein zu Stein ein Mäd - chen hüpfst in mun - t'rer Wel - len Mit - ten, in

trip - - - - - trip - - - - - tripping, And then the pret - ty maid - en said "I'm
mun - t'rer Wel - len Mit - ten. O weh! ruf's furchtsam sie, „da wär' ich

aw - - - - - ful 'fraid of slipping, of slip - - - - - slip - - - - - slip - ping." bei - nah' aus - ge - glit - ten, bei - nah' aus - ge - glit - ten!"

rall. *a tempo* *accel.* - - -

The sau - cy Brook - let laughed a - loud, As it ran o'er a Boul - der.
 Da lacht das bö - se Bäch - lein sehr und meint dass oh - ne Ban - gen.

rall. *a tempo* *accel.* - - -

p *rall* - - - *mp* *a tempo*

And whisp - ered, whisp - ered She'd have sure-ly slipped,
 Und mein - te, mein - te, dass sie si-cher fiel,

mp *rall.* *a tempo*

mf *cresc.* *f* *cresc.* - - -

she'd have surely slipped if *he'd* been there to hold her. She'd have surely slipped, If
 dass sie sicher fiel, käm' e r, sie auf- zu-fan-gen, dass sie si-cher fiel, käm'

ff

he'd been there to hold her. - - -
 e r, sie auf - zu-fan - - - gen. - - -

ff *accel. e dim.*

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

WORDS BY
HENRY KNIGHT.MUSIC BY
FERRIS TOZER.

Andante con expressione.

VOICE. *mf* He sailed away with heavy heart, A

PIANO.

poco rall. *p* *a tempo* Captain bold and brave She watch'd him mournful- ly de-part, A - cross the sun-kissed wave; She watch'd him mournful- ly de-part, A -

poco rall. *a tempo* *poco rall.* *a tempo*

cross the sun-kissed wave, While tears from many a bright eyestart, And pal-lid fa-ces lave, While tears from many a bright eyestart, And

poco meno mosso *pp* *accel.* pal-lid fa-ces lave. Oh cru-el O-cean wrapt in slumb - - er, Lapt in a gold-en light, a

p poco meno mosso *pp* *accel.*

gold - en light, Canst ren-der tru-ly of the numb - - er, Hid in thy cav-erns bright? thy

cav - erns bright? *cantabile* He
 con fiducia - *poco rall. a tempo* *poco rall.*
 nears again the long'd for land, But one leaguedothe re-main, And feels once more a dain-ty hand, In his rough palm a-gain, And
a tempo *riten un poco e dolentemente*
 feels once more a dain-ty hand, In his rough palm again, 'Tis but a dream, he and his band, In sight of home are slain, 'Tis
a tempo *colla voce*
 but a dream, he and his band, In sight of home are slain. Oh tyrant Neptune, cru-el 0 - - - cean,
 De-ceiv-ing sai-lors brave, De - ceiv-ing sai-lors brave, To soothe sea-maidens false de - vo - tion,
 And wed them 'neath the wave, And wed them 'neath the wave, 'neath the wave, 'neath the wave.

DANCES ALLEMANDES.

FR. SCHUBERT, Op. 33.

Marcato. M. M. $\frac{d}{4}$ = 116.
M. M. $\frac{d}{4}$ = 160.

Nº 1.

1. 12.

cresc. > f f decresc. p

M. M. $\frac{d}{4}$ = 112.
M. M. $\frac{d}{4}$ = 144.

Nº 2.

pp > > > > > >

mf > > > > > > > poco rit.

M. M. $\text{d} = 100.$
M. M. $\text{d} = 160.$

33.

№3.

M. M. $\text{d} = 100.$
M. M. $\text{d} = 160.$

M. M. $\text{d} = 100.$
M. M. $\text{d} = 152.$

№4.

M. M. $\text{d} = 100.$
M. M. $\text{d} = 152.$

M. M. ♦ = 108.

11. 12.

M. M. $\text{d} = 432.$

M. M. $\text{♩} = 116.$



Figure 10: Musical notation examples (a) and (b) showing eighth-note patterns on a treble clef staff.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

The British and Colonial Music Trade Journal

VOL. 8.

AUGUST, 1891.

No. 8.

INDEX.

	Page		Page	Page
Staccato,	141	Miss Liza Lehmann,	148	Correspondence.—Music in Portsmouth,
Musical Life in London,	142	A Memorable Night with Browning, Chorley,	148	Accidentals,
Jenny Lind.—The Highbury School of Music.	143	Spohr, and Mendelssohn,	148	Mozart and Beethoven.—The Orpheus of
—Mr. Wallis' Recitals,	143	Some Current Hypotheses concerning the	148	the Chinese.—Woman in Music.—A Four-
Bandmasters of the British Army: III. J.	144	Rhythmic Structure of Anglican Chants,	149	year-old Prodigy.—Mr. Wm. Henry Glad-
S. Dunlop, 2nd Dragoons.—Musical Italy,	145	Music Study Abroad,	150	stone.—A Poor Musician,
Musicians in Council,	146	Liazi and the Czar,	151	Leicester Musical Notes.—Music in Australia.
Loewe's Ballads and their place in Musical	146	Music in Dresden,	152	—The Coming Birmingham Festival,
History.	147	Rulers of Men and Musical Art,	152	Foreign Notes,
Nne. Marie de Lido.—How to Practise.—	147	The Pedal.—What Musical Artists endure,	153	Music in Illness,
Music's Mission,	147	Musical Tales.—French Patriotism,	154	In Memoriam.—Reverie.—Patents,

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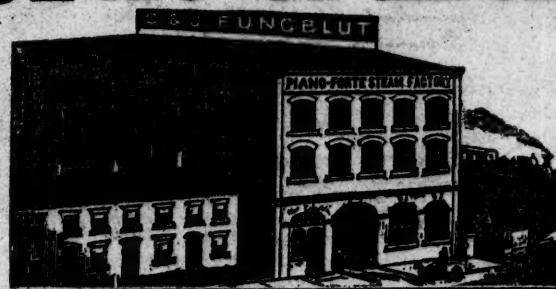
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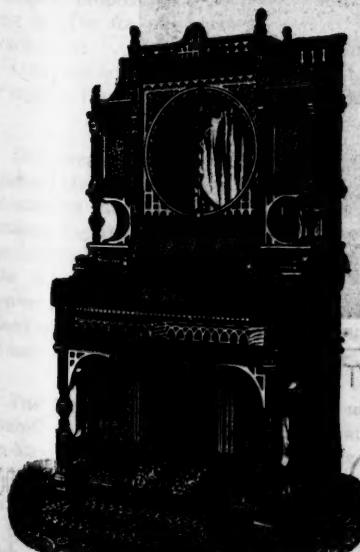
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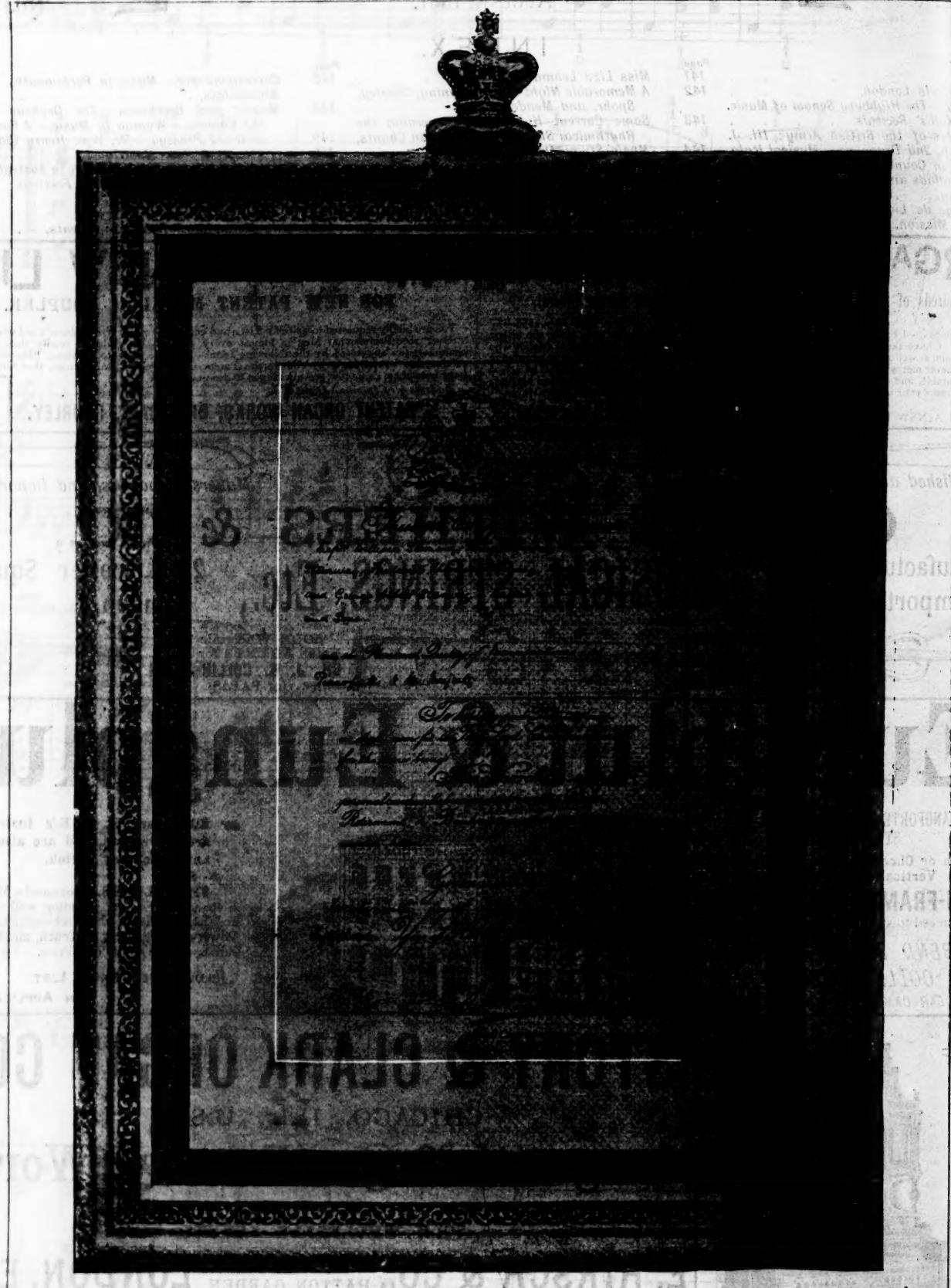
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